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The Cover

HERE'S a man who went out to buy a shirt and bought a pup. There isn't a beach bright enough for this one between here and Waikiki, and if there were, he'd probably lose his nerve when it came to wearing it. But artist Batchelor's cover wife has a plan. She's too wise to waste a bargain, and nimble fingers work wonders with needle and thread. It's to be hoped that one junior miss has a poor memory for fabrics—she'll be wearing a bright new beach suit in a few months' time

Free Speech

JOHN BULL ILLUSTRATED pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to our Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post, and in our feature, "We Advise."

Figures Gone Mad

I NEVER did have a very high regard for the weird and wonderful conclusions that statisticians produce, but a recent effort seems to be more ridiculous than ever.

A banking organization has stated that a family of four can be fed on four guineas a week, and housed on a mere 30s.

Giving a "budget" for a hypothetical family earning £12 a week, this body also says that £1 9s. a week is enough for clothes and 12s. for the annual holiday.

Some of the men at my firm earn about this amount. When I showed them the figures they either laughed or lost their tempers.

Most of them pay about £6 a week for food and rents are much higher than 30s.

This sort of absurd statement only proves that statisticians live in a dream world all of their own.—GEORGE WEST, Torquay.

Fast Living

A reader says that there would be less mental illness in Britain ("Free Speech," December 20) if we were not so emotionally controlled.

Yet the comparative lack of inhibitions among Americans has not prevented the need for a large number of psychiatrists in that country.

General insecurity and living at too fast a pace are the probable causes of mental trouble in Britain. —MRS. J. COLLIER, Grosvenor Avenue, Highbury, London, N.5.

Pocket Money Piffle

So teenage girls need extra pocket money to indulge their vanity in trinkets and cosmetics (JOHN BULL, December 20).

As a teenage boy I think this is the height of utter nonsense.

Who buys the girls most of their trinkets, who takes them to dances, pictures, theatres and cafés? Boys, of course!—DOUG FOGARTY, Oakleigh Park, Portadown, Co. Armagh.

Pick 'Em Up

Thousands of bottles of "tonics," prescribed by doctors, are consumed in this country each year.

Yet during my wartime army service never once did I hear of a medical officer prescribing a tonic.

Do the Services have a ban on this sort of medicine?—J. SUTCLIFFE, Pinfold Lane, Whitkirk, Leeds, 15.

"The usual tonic is designed to increase the patient's appetite, with perhaps a slight sedative to help him to sleep," says a doctor. "In many cases healthy exercise fulfills this function—and there's no shortage of exercise in the forces."

I Met The Princess

I was the handicapped Boy Scout to whom Princess Alexandra was speaking in your picture of her at Gilwell Park (JOHN BULL, December 27). A senior scout of the St. Barnabas, Southfields, Troop, I was the first handicapped boy she spoke to. I was impressed very much by the nice way she talked to me and stood back so that I could take this photograph of her.

I am seventeen and have had twenty-nine fractures in my legs, because of soft bones. Having just left school, I am now learning to be

a shorthand typist. Incidentally, it is not true that I am a German boy. Our family can trace its ancestry back to Alfred the Great. —KELVIN WOODALL, Clonmore Street, Southfields, London, S.W.18.

Postal Preference

The parcel post rates for abroad are absurd. It costs me 6s. to send a 2-lb. parcel to France. A similar parcel to Australia costs me only 4s. 9d., and it travels several thousand more miles.

What is the reason for this?—S. MOLEGOOD, Twickenham, Middlesex.

The reason for the difference in rates is that there is a cheap-rate postal agreement between Commonwealth countries.

Pavement Pedallers

I was surprised by the barrister's reply to a letter about riding a scooter on the pavement (JOHN BULL, December 27).

Recently I saw a policeman stop a young boy who was riding a small bicycle on the road. After ticking him off, he told him to get on the pavement.

There are bicycles called pavement models.—M. L. CLINCH, Herne Hill, London, S.E.24.

"Legally no cycle should be ridden on the pavement, although it is common knowledge that policemen turn a blind eye on small children riding on pavements," says the British Cycle and Motor Cycle Industries Association.

"The term 'pavement cycle' comes from America. It is used by some manufacturers merely to describe small bicycles."

Courtesy Pays

It is accepted that the customer has not the same obligation as the salesman or saleswoman to be polite.

But I have always impressed upon my staff two basic reasons for shopworkers being polite to customers.

One, that courtesy is less wearing on the nerves than ill-temper. Two, that courtesy usually attracts courtesy.

The result—shopping becomes a pleasure for all concerned.—S. P., Cleethorpes, Lincs.

. . . Twice each year I pay my rates at the borough treasurer's office.

Each time I have been greeted with an unsmiling "good morning" on arriving and a straight-faced "thank you" when I left.

On my last visit I tried a new approach. I greeted the official with a dazzling smile and a complimentary reference to the flowers on his desk.

His reaction was startling. He positively beamed with good humour, and I had quite a job interrupting his chatter to get away. —MRS. CAROL DANIEL, Newbury, Berks.

Fair Play For Refs

The reputation of a Football League referee is at the mercy of the league clubs, since they have to give him a grading after each match at which he officiates.

This could account for the poor standard of refereeing I have seen this season.

Would it not be better to have a panel of ex-referees or other experts to report on each ref? —JOHN R. TAYLOR, Hemper Lane, Sheffield, 8.

"There is already such a panel,' says the Football Association. "Our Referees Committee attends games and makes reports on the referee's performance.

"There are seventeen members of the committee, all from the F.A. Council. Most of them are former referees themselves."

Not Quite Cricket

Motoring through the Kentish village of Weald, I saw a game of

rounders in process on the village green.

Men and women of all ages were taking part. A local inhabitant told me that this was a weekly event during the summer.

It must be unique to have organized village games for both sexes.—G. FORD, Wasperton, near Warwick.

Gag For Monty?

I was amazed to see Field-Marshal Montgomery and his entourage watching an operation unmasked (JOHN BULL, December 27).

As an operating-room assistant in the R.A.M.C. I never saw anyone enter an operating room without a mask. Even generals carry germs.—ANDREW SCOTT, Myrescroft Road, Ancrum, Jedburgh.

"It is certainly the normal practice in army operating theatres for all personnel to wear masks," says the War Office. "We don't know why an exception was made in this case."

The Right Tune

I'd like to place a vote for the person most likely to succeed in 1959. He is the young man my wife and I

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Free Speech

continued from page 3

saw playing the violin in the doorway of a large London store one bitter Sunday night during the holidays.

A number of people had been attracted by his playing. On his violin case was a notice saying that he was a music student in his final year.

"I'm tired of washing dishes," he had written. "The money is for digs and food."

A lot of people who wouldn't normally listen to classical music stood in the cold as he played Bach and Mozart.

In these days of jumped-up record stars who make overnight fortunes, this young man thoroughly deserves to be a success. But he'll never play to a more appreciative audience.—G. ROBSHAW, Tooting, London, S.W.17.

All Curled Up

A smart young man has been travelling in my compartment to Liverpool in the mornings. My friend and I admired his good looks, especially his dark wavy hair.

The other morning he jumped into the train as it was leaving the platform.

We all started giggling—he was wearing steel curlers. He wasn't in the slightest embarrassed. He took out the curlers, said, "A bit rushed this morning, forgot to take them out," combed his hair and settled down calmly behind his newspaper. —MISS M. GRIFFITHS, Warrington, Lancashire.

Not So Cruel

Recently I saw a calf tied in a sack which had fallen from a passing lorry.

As it lay on the pavement waiting to be collected I wondered how many of the people who patted its head thought what a cruel way of transporting calves this is. Surely a more humane method could be devised?—A. IRVING, Beaconsfield Street, Carlisle.

"It's very human of Mr. Irving to worry about calves being carried this way," says the R.S.P.C.A., "but in fact, this is the safest method for the calf itself.

"If it could move about it would stand a great risk of breaking a leg or other injury. On passenger trains the sack is required by regulation."

Lost Cause

Searching in vain for a missing golf ball, I thought of a way to make lost golf balls easier to find. With a slightly radioactive cover the ball could be traced by the player using a simple Geiger counter. Many golfers would consider this worth the expense.—A. E. MILNER, Normanton, Yorkshire.

The Professional Golfers Co-operative Association says: "The last thing any golf ball manufacturer would do is help golfers find lost balls."

Tipping Statistics

As a paper boy in an average middle-class district I was interested in Gilbert Harding's article on Christmas giving (JOHN BULL, December 27).

Working out my Christmas boxes I find that 30.1 per cent of the people I deliver to gave me a tip. The average was 1s. 9d. My highest tip was 3s. 6d. and the lowest 5d.—G. ATKINSON, Frickley Road, Sheffield, 11.

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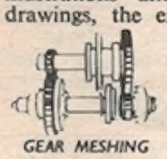

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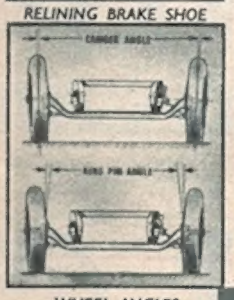

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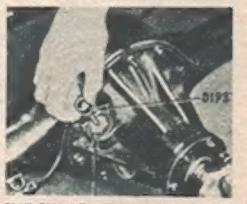

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CONE OF SILENCE by DAVID BEATY

SIR ARNOLD HOBBES said: "Sir, with respect . . . may the model be handled carefully? It has cost the company whose brief I hold a considerable rate in guineas."

He laid a miniature aeroplane on the table in front of him. For a few moments he stood quite still, his head on one side, looking at the model almost lovingly, admiring its shape, its lines, its details.

It was beautiful! Perfect! The portholes were real Perspex: inside could be seen the tiny seats, the manikin passengers: there at the front sat a blue-coated captain and a first officer, each behind his own set of Lilliputian controls. Four jet engines lay in neat pods beneath the swept-back curve of the wings. The fuselage flowed with tapering streamlined symmetry to the treble tail.

Sir Arnold gave it the smallest push forward. In one of those conversational asides for which he was famous, he said to the pilot on the other side of the table: "Pretty, isn't it?"

Captain George Gort had sat in that seat all morning and most of that hot afternoon. Around him, like a sea of quarantine, was a waxed wood floor, dividing him from the dais where sat the Commissioner, between his pilot and engineering assessors, the tables of counsel, the Ministry of Civil Aviation officials, the press benches, the advisers, the public gallery of this packed-out, stifling, oak-lined courtroom. His arms folded over his chest, he regarded the model solemnly.

"It's well done," he said.

And it was well done. The model was exact down to such details as the oleo legs, the undercarriage doors, the moving rudders and ailerons and elevators, and even the registration: G-AKVF. The words tolled, like the voice of a judge before sentence: Golf Alfa Kilo Victor Foxtrot.

"Now, sir," Sir Arnold commenced his address. "If you will bear with me . . . I would wish the court to imagine that this table is Ranjibad airport. Here"—his thin fingers swept an imaginary path over the flat wooden surface—"is runway twenty-seven. We have, as you see"—he could not help again touching the top of the model—"Phoenix Victor Foxtrot, owned and operated by International Airways, manufactured by the Atlas Aviation Company, whom I have the honour to represent, under the command"—he gave a nod and a friendly smile at the pilot—"of Captain Gort. Now I want us all to bring our minds back four weeks in time. It is the night of May sixteenth——"

The well-modulated voice had taken on the tone of telling a story. The interest suddenly revived.

Only George Gort turned his head away from the standing figure. He knew this story by heart. He was aware of the soft voice going on around him, the words coming up and bursting quietly in his mind: *"The Phoenix jet airliner, a most magnificent achievement of British brains, the most advanced of its kind. My clients are naturally as concerned to piece together exactly what did happen that night as International Airways are, as Captain Gort is——"*

Hearing his name, he returned his gaze to the pale face of the Queen's Counsel, seeing him, it seemed, through a mist of heat.

"Now Captain——" Sir Arnold said the word respectfully. He was addressing an expert, and his tone implied he knew it. "I don't want you to think of this as a cross-examination. We're putting our heads together, you and I, to try and find out the truth of this puzzling enigma."

"The truth . . . yes, of course."

Sir Arnold raised his eyes to the Commissioner and the assessors. "Now, sir, we have already heard in the course of this long inquiry, various *theories*."

HE paused, then went on: "Victor Foxtrot, with eighty-nine passengers, six crew, full tanks and four tons of freight, was at her maximum permissible take-off weight of one hundred and seventy thousand pounds. Was the loading such that the aircraft was dangerously tail heavy? Did the wind suddenly change on the runway, so that the take-off was attempted *downwind*? Did the brakes bind, thus retarding the achievement of flying speed? Were the engines giving out their full power or did they suddenly fade?

"What happened?" He slowly turned to ask with his eyes all the faces in the court, and repeated: "What happened?"

Nobody answered. A heavy blanket of silence hung over the hot courtroom.

"Nothing like it has happened in the past. The Phoenixes had been in operation for three months before the accident. And they have since continued flying to many parts of the world *without any incident or accident whatever*. Yet it happens on this single occasion, close on midnight in the middle of May, on a *particular* runway of a *particular* airport in a *particular* country to a *particular* Phoenix—Victor Foxtrot—under the command of a *particular* pilot—Captain Gort."

For a long time, Sir Arnold paused. "Again I ask you . . . *why*?"

There was another silence. Then Sir Arnold picked up a sheaf of papers sharply from the table. A frown of concentration straightened his eyebrows. His hand shook—perhaps from emotion—but when he spoke, his voice was that of one colleague to another at a discussion round a board-table.

"Now Captain Gort and I are going to see what we can do to bring this problem nearer a solution.

"The time is twenty-three thirty-seven, Ranjibad local time. Here"—he pointed to the little figure in the left-hand seat of the model—"is Captain Gort. Beside him"—his finger switched to the figure in the right-hand seat—"we have First Officer Lambourne.

"Captain Gort has already calculated from the Atlas Company graph that in these conditions of weight and temperature the 'unstick' speed is one hundred and eighteen knots, has signed the load and trim sheet, the Customs declarations, the mechanical serviceability sheet. He is satisfied that everything is as it should be.

"All four engines are started — though number three takes longer than usual. Mr. Lambourne obtains permission to taxi and Captain Gort"—carefully Sir Arnold pushed the model slowly forward, swung it at the edge, so that it faced the full-length run of the table—"taxies slowly out to the take-off position at the end of runway twenty-seven. Now, Captain." He turned to Gort. "What sort of a night was it?"

"Dark. Very hot. Spitting with rain."

"And the ceiling?"

"Low."

"Had you any inkling whatever that this would not be a normal take-off?"

"None."

"Will you please describe your take-off run?"

"I opened all four engines to full power. I released the brakes. The aircraft began to move——"

"So?" Under Sir Arnold's lightly laid fingers, the model left the edge of the table. "Fairly slowly, I take it, because of the exceptionally high temperature, plus, of course, the fact that you were so heavy?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Lambourne called out seventy-five knots?"

"Yes."

"You pulled back on the control column?"

"It is at that speed I have been instructed to lift the nosewheel off the ground."

"So." The model sped past the centre of the table. "You were here, and you had still not reached the unstick speed?"

"No."

"Did Mr. Lambourne comment?"

"He said: 'God . . . we're eating the runway!'"

"That made you concerned?"

"Not particularly."

"But he was obviously worried?"

"Not exactly worried. We both knew—from graph calculations—that we would use a lot of runway."

"And then?"

"He called out: 'One hundred and eighteen knots, at last!'"

"And you moved the control column back for the unstick?"

"Yes."

"But Victor Foxtrot still stayed on the ground?"

"At first—yes."

"Then did it lift?"

"Yes—but just a few inches above the runway."

"Then it sank again?"

"Yes."

"By pulling back on the stick, you tried to get airborne?"

"I *eased* back on the stick—yes."

"But there was no feeling of flying speed?"

"No."

"It was too late to do anything except go on?"

"Yes."

"And then?"

"I still tried to get airborne. I tried easing the stick forward, but I didn't

Verdict on a

ILLUSTRATED BY ERLINSKI

"I didn't do it . . . I did not break their blasted plane," Gort said. "I know, Father," Charlotte replied. "I know." She squeezed his hand fiercely . . .

pilot

It couldn't be the plane...everybody was agreed on that. And it was so much easier to condemn the man who flew it.

Cone of silence

continued from page 6

seem to be getting a proper response."

"You went on trying to get airborne till the red boundary light went by?"

"Yes."

"Did you call out anything to Mr. Lambourne?"

"I called out: 'It won't come off.'"

"And did he say anything?"

"He shouted: 'It's no good! No good!'"

"And then?"

"The Phoenix started to bang up and down on rough ground. I slammed the throttles back. There was a tremendous jerk—a terrible grinding noise. I felt the left wing collapse. The aircraft shuddered, then stopped very suddenly. I smelt smoke."

GORT's lips closed. He appeared unwilling to go on. Gently, Sir Arnold prompted him: "And afterwards?"

"I pressed all four emergency crash buttons. I shouted: 'Electric and hydraulic switches off . . . abandon aircraft!' Then I got out of my seat and went aft to the passenger cabin."

"It was dark in there, I suppose?"

"Yes—but I had my torch. I helped the steward open the main door. The passengers were all right. There was no panic. They filed out of the aircraft. After I'd made certain the cabin was empty, I went forward again."

"To check that the crew had all left?"

"Yes." Gort hesitated before going on. "Through the smoke, I saw Mr. Lambourne sitting in his seat. I called out: 'Alec—get out, for God's sake!'"

"And then?"

"Then it struck me he was hurt. His head was lolling on one side. I rushed up and shone my torch in his face . . . and then I saw he was dead."

Sir Arnold Hobbes lowered his head. The outstretched tips of his fingers just made touching contact, each with the other. "I wish to join my name with that of the Atlas Aviation Company in expressing our very real sympathy with the relatives of First Officer Lambourne on their tragic loss." He paused, then continued carefully: "Yet, at the same time, we must thank God for the providential escape of the other ninety-four souls on board from what—had the Phoenix been a conventional aircraft with nine thousand two hundred gallons of petrol in its tanks instead of the far less inflammable kerosene—would certainly have been a raging, inescapable inferno."

Silence — respectful, awed, reminiscent—hung over the heat of the room, tried to muffle the sunshine. Death made its proper presence felt. Eyes downwards, nobody moved.

"Captain . . ." Sir Arnold said softly.

Gort's bright blue eyes stared sightlessly ahead.

"Captain Gort . . . you have given us a clear picture. But, unfortunately, that does not solve the problem. Calculated on the temperature, the density altitude, and the weight of the aircraft, you had ascertained from the graph in the Operations Manual—and correctly, too—that the aircraft's unstick speed was one hundred and eighteen knots. Why, then, did the Phoenix fail to rise?" Sir Arnold smiled suddenly. "Now, Captain . . . what is not in question *at all* is your own health and strength." The affability increased. "That is evident for all to see."

George Gort nodded.

"Now the Phoenix controls are power-assisted, are they not? The elevators are particularly sensitive?"

Gort stiffened slightly. "I don't use *strength* to fly an aeroplane."

But Sir Arnold apparently did not hear him. Bent low over the model, he fussed with it, getting it straight, perfectly lined up with the polished path of the table. "The speed is seventy-five knots. You pull back on the stick——"

"I *ease* back on the stick."

Sir Arnold was busy tilting the model. "Up and up came the nose-wheel."

"Not so high as that!"

But Sir Arnold did not lower the nose of the model. "A pitch dark night. No horizon. No instrument guidance. And you still know exactly how high you held the nose up?"

"You get to know those things by experience."

"*Experience*, Captain?" Sir Arnold looked astonished. "This was only your second night jet take-off with passengers!"

"I have nineteen thousand, three hundred hours——"

"But what does that avail you, Captain, when your flying time on the Phoenix is a scant thirty?"

A flush darkened the pilot's face. "From long experience, regardless of type, you get a sixth sense——"

"Please, Captain!" Sir Arnold held up his hand. "If you would allow me to proceed." He pushed the model forward, nose still held high. "The wing at this angle—as you can see—is exposed to immense drag, slowing the whole aircraft down——"

"That was not——"

"Captain Gort hauled back on the stick——"

"I *eased* back."

BUT, disregarding Gort's emphatic qualification, the model's nose went up still higher.

"The Phoenix did not fly. The obvious reflex action was to haul back harder——"

"You're wrong!"

"Till the aircraft assumed a semi-stalled position in which it *could not* achieve flying speed!"

"I never got the nose so high!"

"In a situation like that—all over in a second or two—you can't really remember what you did, can you?"

"Yes, I can," Gort said. But even to himself, his voice was unconvincing.

Sir Arnold put the model down and walked away from the table. Then he said: "Sir, as far as Captain Gort is concerned, I have no more questions to put."

The Commissioner conferred with his assessors. Then, holding up a paper, he said: "You still wish to examine witnesses in the order here given?"

"With your permission, I do so wish."

The Commissioner hesitated. A barrister himself, with no aeronautical knowledge, he whispered to the flying expert on his left, before clearing his throat to say: "After so long, Captain Gort will be tired . . . will doubtless welcome a rest before examination by other counsel later." He nodded sympathetically at the figure still sitting by the table. "Thank you, Captain."

EVERYBODY'S eyes watched the pilot rise, make a small half-bow, walk—red-faced, but with a certain slow, heavy dignity—to a seat at the back of the court.

"Captain Dallas!"

Light footsteps sounded on the six stairs from the top tier to the floor of the court. This man was lean with a rather thin face under brushed-back brown hair. He walked across the polished wood with complete unself-consciousness, his head held high, his feet quick and quiet in their rubber-soled suède shoes. He gave a careless hitch to the trousers of his grey lightweight suit before sitting down on the empty chair by the table. Comfortable, with a quite-at-ease self-confidence, he studied Sir Arnold Hobbes.

The face, with its high cheekbones, its full red lips and fresh complexion, was well enough made: reasonably good-looking; but it was a young face, quite certain of the black and white of everything. Thirty-five years of life had not marked it.

"Now, Captain Dallas . . . you were one of the first International Airways pilots seconded to the Atlas Aviation Company for the development of the Phoenix?"

"Yes."

"The other was Captain Judd—now the Phoenix Fleet flight captain?"

"Yes."

"You are now the training captain and you supervised the instruction of the first airline pilots on the Phoenix, one of whom was Captain Gort?"

"Yes."

"Did you know he had insisted on being posted to the Phoenix Fleet?"

"I knew he was keen."

"Did you know that International Airways were also . . . it is your word . . . keen that he should remain on the conventional piston-engined aircraft that he had so successfully flown for so many years?"

"Yes, I did know."

"Is it not true to say that the technique of flying jets is completely different from conventional aircraft?"

"I wouldn't say that . . . no. But they take some getting used to."

"And the thirties to forties would get used to them quicker than a man of Captain Gort's age . . . a man of fifty-one?"

"It depends on the man."

SIR ARNOLD extracted from among his papers a typewritten memorandum. "Here we have your flight check report on Captain Gort before he went out on the route. It isn't as good as most of the others I have seen, is it?"

"It was satisfactory," Dallas said. "When I had finished his instruction I was convinced that he was a competent pilot on the type."

"Captain Dallas . . . of course! *Of course!*" Sir Arnold paused. Putting the memorandum away, he said: "Two more questions, Captain, and then we can release you. Tell me . . . that nose-high attitude—it *is* possible for a Phoenix to get into that position?"

"Yes . . . it's possible."

"And in such an attitude, if the runway were as long as from Land's End to John o' Groat's the aircraft would still remain on the ground?"

"So long as nothing was done about the nose-high attitude the Phoenix would not fly."

Sir Arnold smiled. "Captain Dallas

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"I'll give you the whole thing in a nutshell," Dallas said to Charlotte in the cafeteria. "Pilot error"

With pep-pills, chain smoking and daring skill, Pat Moss has raced to the top among Europe's rally drivers. And now . . .

The kid sister roars off to Monte Carlo

by ROY HILL

Pat Moss takes a walled bend in the Alpine Rally. Her fine performance in this event won even brother Stirling's praise

A group of British motor-rally drivers occupied several dinner tables in the smart airport restaurant at Stockholm. One of the girls in the party, well-built, brown-haired and with grey-blue eyes, looked around the restaurant surreptitiously, then aimed a lump of bread at a young racing driver at a nearby table. It hit him on the ear.

The thrower, Stirling Moss's "kid sister" Pat, guiltily avoided the eye of Marcus Chambers, manager of the British Motor Corporation competitions department, who had once jocularly threatened to sack her if she didn't behave herself.

The meal proceeded smoothly until the dessert. Then, while Chambers was looking elsewhere, Miss Moss deftly dropped a grape down another driver's neck.

A strong-willed girl with a tomboyish, devil-may-care outlook which sometimes intimidates her male admirers, she has a reputation along the rally routes of Western Europe both for her juvenile antics and her driving skill.

In the Monte Carlo Rally, which begins on Sunday, she and her black-and-grey, red-upholstered A40 will be among the favourites to win laurels, although the Monte is recognized as the chanciest event of the season.

Last August, Gerald Burgess, an acknowledged expert in the gruelling Liége-Rome-Liége race-rally, drove his hardest for most of the hundred hours and 3,300 miles of the event, but he couldn't catch up with Pat. She drove down the terrifying Vivione Pass in Italy two minutes faster than anybody.

Even her competition-minded parents, who entered her in pony trials when she was three and have encouraged her ever since, are apprehensive at times of her headlong race to fresh triumphs.

Before the start of the 1957 Liége rally, John Gott, who captains the British Motor Corporation rally team, told Pat and her navigator, Ann Wisdom, to retire if they found the going tough. "After that," says Ann, "Pat would rather have died than give up."

As car after car crashed or fell out, Pat's mother, Mrs. Nora Moss, telephoned Chambers and pleaded with him to withdraw the girls from the rally. He agreed if, at the next checkpoint, they seemed fatigued.

Faster and faster

But they didn't withdraw. "When Pat learned of her mother's intervention," says Chambers, "she was hopping mad."

When he told her at the start of another rally to take things easily, she joked that if she did so she would probably crash. After finishing the rally she mailed a card to Chambers with the message: "To Slower and Slower, from Faster and Faster."

At the end of one rally she challenged a burly racing driver to a wrestling match. Though he used all his strength he was unable to throw her.

When she gave a party at her parents' farm at Tring, in Hertfordshire, she hid guests' cars in the far corners of the 100-acre farm. "Not one was recovered without my assistance," she says.

She has always been in a hurry. Before she was eleven she had won 350 awards for showing and jumping horses and ponies. "Everything we did as children," says Jane Day, a friend from her school days, "was competitive. If she lost a competition, she insisted on trying again, until she won it."

At Tring, where Pat still lives, the chest of drawers which once contained her family of pet white mice—she was also fond of ferrets and monkeys—is now crammed with rosette awards. She has hundreds of cups and silver salvers which, together with her brother's trophies, overflow into the corridors. Biscuits are served from a huge silver cup Pat won at a horse show.

As a child, Stirling, who wanted a brother, used to taunt her and call her Fatso. While he careered around the farm in a Baby Austin, Pat jogged along in a box on a pony's back.

She became a fearless, thrustful horsewoman, fond of hunting and point-to-point racing. As a show-jumper she has narrowly missed the top class.

For years she loathed cars, but at nineteen sold her father a part share in a horse and bought a sports car for £1,000. "She discovered suddenly," says her father, a prosperous dentist and a pig breeder, "that for her, as for Stirling, cars could be competitive."

She found them profitable, too. Her expenses, as a full-time professional rally driver, are paid by B.M.C. She receives a retainer and a salary (about £1,500) from the firm, and in a successful season can expect to make another £1,250 in bonuses and prizes.

Dash and Danger

"As a competitions driver," Chambers says, "she is outstanding. She has the dash—she's prepared to take risks—but she also has the skill." She said once: "I can 'feel' what a car is going to do, through the seat of my pants."

Last year, with Ann Wisdom, she entered seven international rally events and won twenty-three points from a possible thirty-five. The pair became the Ladies' European Rally Champions.

After Pat performed superbly in the Alpine Rally even her brother, who previously had a barely tolerant attitude to her driving, admitted that she could drive. "I believe that the fact that he now admires her skill," says a friend, "means a great deal to her."

The Monte Carlo Rally is not her luckiest event. In 1956 the car in which she was a passenger overturned after the brakes failed. She escaped, shaken, with a dented crash-helmet.

Last year only one Paris starter finished the course. When Pat's car

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LEOPARD IN THE SHADOW

Those fangs had ripped my arm. And now only one small dog stood between me and death

by NORAH BURKE

COME sit beside me while I tell you why that goat wears a brass collar, and why I will not sell him to you. Nor the dog either, oh Stranger. No, not for fifty rupees, nor yet five hundred.

The dog is but a common *pi*, and small at that; and I am a poor man, as you see, having nothing but my flock, besides this one black blanket to wear, and my cap and staff. But in my life as a packman here, along these Himalayan paths, never two nights in one place——

A cigarette? Ah, that is kind of you. A strong one, too. Good! Is the rock hard to sit on? Let me cut some fern for you. There! Now I shall spin this wool and watch my flock as I talk. No, they will not wander far. The grass here is sweet. Even the rhododendron blooms are larger in this spot. Look at that crimson monster up there, blowing on the blue sky. No bazaar smells here! Oh, there is nothing better than mountains. . . .

It was a day like this when I left Kokrighat village, having filled the saddle bags of all my animals. I pack salt and *gur*, you know, between the plains and the villages in the high Himalayas.

No, it is not a lonely life. I meet many people on my travels. In the bazaars, as I walk along between the fruit and jewels, I talk with those who sit behind their Shiraz rugs and Kashmir silks, their Jaipur brass, all laid out for sale. I barter with merchants and traders of all races. Sometimes there are girls who will call out at me for a country fellow, but I smile at them. Oh yes, I had a wife once, and children, but there came a sickness. . . .

These are my family now. A strange family? Well, perhaps. The brass-collared goat is old, as you can see; and the little dog too small for a guard dog. But then, I have my two mastiffs as well—look! They could kill a man between them. That is why I called out to you as you came along the path, and it is lucky you answered.

See that big rock where the blue mountain poppies are fluttering? I was resting in the shade there, that day—for we always graze this piece as we come past—when there was a rattle of stones below us.

I STAYED my two big dogs—I had not got the little one then—as a young fellow in khaki shorts and shirt came up the path like a goat, while behind him breathed an orderly with rifle and cartridge bag. I called a greeting.

"We have been following you," cried the young one as he reached me. "The headman of Kokrighat told us you would sell me a goat to tie up for a leopard. I am trying to shoot this one which has been preying on domestic flocks hereabouts for the last three years. Now the *shaitan* has killed and eaten his first two men. So if we can destroy him before he becomes an established man-eater——"

"For such a purpose, yes, I will sell you a goat," I replied, "although I have none to spare."

"I want a good caller, mind. Not one that's going to sleep all night."

"I have the very thing," I told him, nodding at this goat, who was standing up there on that rock pinnacle, with all his long, cinnamon hair glistening in the sun and wind as he nibbled at some herb. "He has been with me some while, so that when he is separated from us he should call well. The leopard will hear him from far and come straight to your rifle."

"I'll take him," agreed the young fellow. "Now, as to price, you will not want much for him, I daresay, since you would not offer me a young, prime animal."

We fell to haggling.

"I will not sell for that figure!" I cried, and: "You may tie up your dog instead," I jeered, pointing at a small, black *pi* which had climbed the path behind him, "since you will not pay me enough for the goat to put two mouthfuls of *gram* into my belly."

"That is not my dog," returned the young man. "I should not own such an undersized cur. He belongs to no one. He has followed us from the village, trying to attach himself to a master. I should have shot the poor brute to put him out of his misery, but that I did not wish to disturb the valley and spoil my chances for tonight."

"Catch him, then."

"We have tried, but he is nimble as a monkey and wary, too, although he follows us. He must return to his own village."

The man bent to pick up a stone. The dog did not wait, but took to his heels with his tail down. Well, I sold the goat for what I could get—more than I expected, though I grumbled, of course—and we went our ways.

Some miles along the road there is cultivation and one of those thorn enclosures put up in these parts to encourage us packmen to spend a night there with our flocks and so fertilize the soil. You have seen them, I daresay.

THE evening was young, but as the thorn hedge was in good repair instead of pulled about by the last flock penned in it, I decided to spend the night there and to leave in the early morning at the rising of the Bhutia star. I thought of the leopard, of course, but was not worried, for I had these two big sheepdogs of mine with me, and in any case the world is large. Though the *shaitan* worked this district, he might be anywhere. Besides, fear attracts death. It does not do to let yourself be afraid.

I made my preparations all the same! I gathered thorn and stuffed the weak places. I cut pine for a torch and collected wood to keep a fire going all night. After that I got my flock, my two dogs and myself into the enclosure and stopped the entrance.

I was going to leave the dogs loose, but the pen had been made very close to the road on this occasion and a man came along at dusk. The dogs thought it was a robber approaching. They burst out and would have slain him but that I cursed them off in time. I began to be afraid what they might do to anyone who chanced along the road

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN BERRY

while I was asleep, so I got the dogs back inside the pen and chained and staked them there, one each side of the flock, which was in the middle with myself on a third side and the thorn hedge around us all. No wild animal could approach the hedge, I thought, let alone get through it, without our knowledge.

I built a fire close to me and I fed well on hot chupattis and curds and milk. It was getting cold by now, but the fire and my pine torch were making light and darkness.

Before rolling myself in my blanket, I stood peering into the various shadows to see if one of them was occupied.

I listened, too, for the goat which I had sold, but there was nothing to be heard. A stirring of dog chains, that was all, the whickering of my own flock as they settled for the night.

WHY was the goat not calling? The reason, as I learned later, was that the young sportsman was inexperienced. He tied up the goat, then got into the tree to wait till the leopard, attracted by the goat's calling, arrived to kill it. He ought to have got into the tree first and let someone else bring the goat along to tether it. The animal knew there was a man in the tree above him, so he was not lonely and did not call. He went to sleep instead.

I do not know how long I myself had been sleeping when both my dogs began to growl, and I was awake on the instant. The fire had sunk down and the torch burned out, but there was a brilliant moonlight and suddenly I caught a movement in the hedge, not a length away. Something was trying to get in under the wall of cut thorn.

There was I, awake, with a staff and two dogs—albeit chained, but barking like furies, and I was frightened of a shadow that moved. Through my mind flashed the young man's words. *"If we can destroy him before he becomes an established man-eater——"*

My flesh crawled. My heart dried. I was just about to rush to the mastiffs and release them when I saw that the creature was not a leopard at all, but the little *pi* dog.

I am ashamed to confess such things, oh Stranger. I can only remind you that moonlight plays tricks with the best eyes.

I might have driven the dog off—but that I was so ashamed of my fear. I thought, *He also is afraid*, and I let him in. I pushed my staff under the thorn and lifted it, and he grovelled to my feet, which he licked.

You will not believe me, but next I fed that dog. Yes, in my weakness, I gave him of my own good food and, when I lay down again to sleep, he crawled inside my blanket and lay against me. I could feel his trembling.

Soon we were asleep.

Next moment I was awake in uproar—in agony and terror that had burst upon me like a thunderclap. The leopard had got his head through under the thorns, the way the dog had come. He had hold of my arm and was backing and trying to drag me out with him. He had not dared come right in, because of the two big sheepdogs which he knew were inside but did not know were tethered. Instead he had been able from the thorn to reach the arm I had flung out as I slept.

I shouted and grabbed a tussock with my free hand. I twisted my fingers in it, gripped on for my life and shouted to my dogs. They could not burst their chains, but I could hear them baying as they wore their necks raw on their collars. The flock was blaring and stampeding.

FANGS clamped in my arm, the leopard was bracing all his strength against mine, and he was strong enough to carry off a cow. But I also am strong and I was fighting for my life.

If I could have reached the torch and knocked it alive again, or a brand from the fire, I could have saved myself, but I had no hand free. And then the tussock began to give. I dug my fingers into the stony ground—the nails were half torn off—but I was dragged up to the hedge, where thorns ripped my face.

Meanwhile the little *pi* dog had struggled free of the blanket in which he had been smothered. He threw himself at the man-eater's head.

Of what use could a starved *pi* be against a leopard who often makes a mouthful of such a feeble prey? One pat of a paw would flatten him. But the dog attacked, bouncing to and fro, as a mongoose does with a cobra.

Perhaps one of his nips told, for the leopard let go of me for an instant to snap at his tormentor as a dog will snap at a mosquito. It gave me my chance. Fainting though I was, I snatched my arm away and rolled in agony towards the fire, where I was able to arm myself with a brand and thrust it at the place where the leopard had got his head through.

He gave an angry roar and dragged free, backwards. I watched him beyond the hedge, in the moonlight, slinking up and down. I stumbled towards my mastiffs, to release them, tripping over the little *pi*. But I collapsed before I got to my dogs and lay in dust and blood.

The leopard now had me at his mercy. Soon he must discover that the mastiffs were tied and that he need not fear them. Then he would push through anywhere.

But now, up the valley, the goat which I had sold for leopard bait began to call. On hearing his own flock stampeding, he answered.

HE called loudly and insistently. The leopard left us and went off instead to get this other goat which he could hear bleating. Doubtless it sounded lost and therefore easier prey. But the young sportsman shot the devil as he was approaching to make his kill.

That young fellow was so pleased with his success—it was his first leopard—that when morning came he brought back the goat to me as a present. It was he who found me and tended my wounds. They healed well, though I still bear the scars on my arm—see!

And now, if you will excuse us, we must be on our way. THE END

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At Barnham, Sussex, Herbert Hooton runs a do-it-yourself school. Everything is taught through "purposeful activity"

The school has its own broadcasting system, and the children produce their own programmes. Here they

It's the latest thing in lessons . . . and the carefree cure for problem pupils

Fun takes over at the

Instead of doing physical jerks Hooton's pupils climb and swing in a playground designed for pleasure

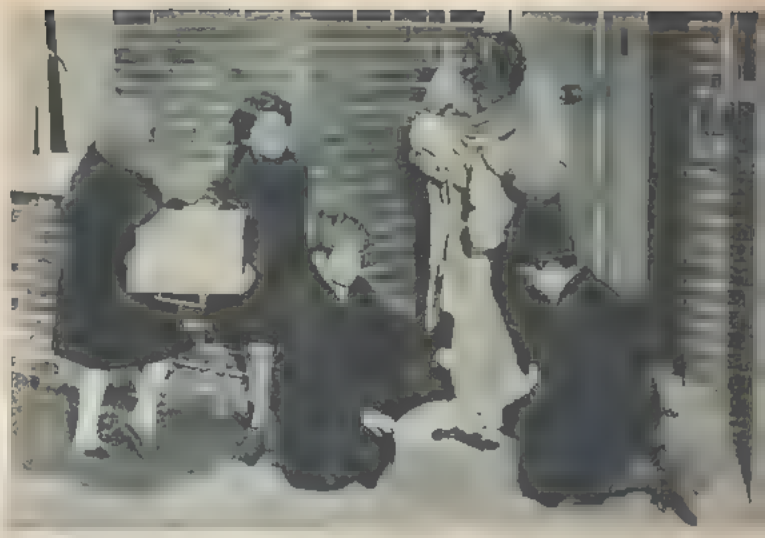
FRANK was nine years old. He was a sullen, unhappy boy who took no interest in lessons and refused to join in games. Herbert Hooton, headmaster of his school at Barnham, Sussex, had tried all sorts of things to interest him. But a garden of his own, animals to look after, free run of the gymnastic apparatus all left Frank cold.

One day, hands in pockets, he watched a group of older boys playing cricket. Suddenly he ran on to the pitch and knocked the wicket down. One of the bigger boys clipped his ear. A few minutes later Frank broke the wicket down again. This time he took a harder clip, but he did not go away.

During a pause, while the boys were arguing about who should bat next, he snatched up the bat and attacked the wicket with it, trying to do as much damage as possible to the stumps and the bat. The bigger boys were eventually forced to give up their game.

Frank seemed incorrigible. But Hooton, a short, blue-eyed Welshman

interview the postman for a series on "Other People's Jobs"



To pay for the radio station, pupils collected rags from villagers to sell to a dealer. They also held jumble sales—and saved their pocket money

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

English is now taught almost entirely through broadcasting. To learn arithmetic, children at Barnham made their own bricks and country wines

village school

by REX GRIZELL

with thinning black hair, believes that there is an answer to every child's problem. He watched and waited. . .

In his ten years at Barnham, Hooton has turned a formal village school of the silence-in-class, ruler-across-the-knuckles type into what is probably the most unusual village school in Britain.

Hooton's ninety pupils, from six to eleven years old, have no formal curriculum. Old familiars like history and geography have no place in the syllabus. Everything is taught by "purposeful activity." The children learn English by preparing and writing scripts and broadcasting them to other classes in the school. Wherever possible arithmetic is taught practically.

To cure two boys of their dislike of sums, Hooton bought them a mould to make bricks. He told them where to get sand and ballast, and how to bake the bricks. But they had to do all the necessary measuring and calculating themselves. Later the boys scrapped the mould and designed a better one, and went along to a local engineering firm and asked them to make it. Their enthusiasm for the whole project was such that they lost all dislike of arithmetic.

Hooton makes no direct attempt to control what the children read, though he tries to stimulate their interest in reading, and indirectly to lead them.

In one reading period where the children had free choice of subject, Hooton noticed Frank reading a space comic. It contained instructions for making a simple telescope. Hooton noticed that the boy had marked this part.

Frank writes a book

A few days later Hooton mentioned to his assistant, Cyril Baker, that he had seen instructions for making a telescope somewhere and it would be a good idea if they had one. Frank, who was standing within hearing, joined the conversation.

Hooton got him to build the telescope. Frank was soon interested in space and the stars. Hooton arranged for him to have tea with a local astronomer who had his own telescope and observatory.

Within a year Frank had built up a library of thirty-six books on space, had formed a space club, and had written a 140-page book on the stars. He has since given talks on the subject to a local teachers' training college, and has had several articles printed in the local papers. He is still only twelve, and is now at grammar school. His temperament is normal.

Hooton's inter-classroom broadcasting network began as a game with a make-believe microphone in the corner of the classroom. It was so popular that he decided to switch to the real thing. He believed that it would be an invaluable help in the teaching of English.

He went round to the local tradesmen "begging, borrowing and driving hard bargains," and soon he had a collection of field telephones, amplifiers, microphones, tape recorders, speakers and wire.

So that the children would feel that it was really their own broadcasting station, he suggested ways in which they could raise money to help to pay for the equipment. They collected old wool from houses in the village and local countryside, and sold it to a dealer at 1s. 3d. a pound. Giving pennies from their own pocket money, they saved until they had a line of pennies right round the school. They organized jumble sales, printed the notices and served on some of the stalls.

Pupil leads prayers

"All this was helping practical spelling and arithmetic," says Hooton. Eventually they had enough money for all the necessary equipment. Part of the older children's dining-room, which is in a separate building, was converted into a studio.

Hooton, an ex-R.A.F. technician, did the wiring to the classrooms in the main building and to the parish hall (also used as a classroom) a hundred yards away across the village street.

Almost all the English work in the school is now related to "broadcasting." Every Friday morning a few of the senior children broadcast a service to the two top forms, assembled in the parish hall. One child is service leader, one reads prayers, one gives a reading from the Bible, and a small group sing the hymns.

For other programmes Hooton

Fun takes over at the village school

continued from previous page

divides a class into groups each under a leader whose job it is to get his or her section to prepare a programme suitable for broadcasting to another class. The programmes include poetry readings, stories which the children choose or write themselves, talks on hobbies, and an adventure series written by the children.

One class has done a series of programmes under the title "Other People's Jobs," which has included interviews with the local postmaster, a nurseryman and a roadworker. At Christmas and Easter, programmes with the school choir are broadcast in the parish hall. Villagers are invited in to listen.

Hooton claims that there has been a remarkable development in speaking ability and self-possession in the children who have been broadcasting longest. One young girl of eight stammered badly, but was noticeably more relaxed behind the microphone and improved greatly.

The children were astonished when they first heard the sound of their own voices, many of which have a country burr. They began to take more pride in their speech, says Hooton, who is sure that children who learn to speak well at an early age never lose the habit.

The idea has another advantage. Children who are backward at reading try much harder so that they will be able to take a bigger part in the programmes.

Hooton has recently converted one classroom into a library. It was one thing he did not allow the children to help him with. "Wood costs money and I did not want them to spoil any." He made the shelves and counters himself and painted them with the help of students from the local teachers' training college.

"I don't care if the little ones just use it to chase round and round the bookshelves," says Hooton. "I want them to grow up with a library, a place where they can handle books. In that way interest begins."

Hooton pays no attention to some local critics who complain: "All the kids do at Barnham School is play."

At first glance into one of Hooton's classrooms, the impression is one of chaos, with probably not a single child sitting at a desk. The class of thirty-five or so is scattered in small groups all around the classroom and children move round and in and out of the classroom without asking permission.

Each child is fully occupied in the performance of a common task, nobody pays any attention to a visitor, and none is paid to Hooton, except by the children in the group he is helping.

Of Hooton's methods, Dr. Cyril Read, Director of Education for West Sussex, says: "They are bound to arouse the children's interest, and act as an incentive to the acquisition of knowledge. He is putting into practice the latest theory of education: to develop the whole personality.

It is due to Read that Hooton's children are not worried by fears of the eleven-plus examination. West Sussex, one of the most enlightened educational authorities, was among the first to do away with the examination.

Things that count

Selection of children for appropriate secondary education in West Sussex now depends on five factors, the head teacher's assessment of the child's character and ability, the overall school record of the child, the parents' wishes, and selection tests done in the normal course of work, without any special emphasis to cause anxiety.

The method is now in its third year. "We have learned enough to be confident that it is infinitely superior to the old written tests," says Read.

Hooton has found that, with few exceptions, the good student is happy and well adjusted, and the poor student unhappy and maladjusted. He knows that not every child can be a good student, but he believes that every child can be a better student if he likes to learn what he is taught and can be made a willing partner in his own education. Few things do this better than giving a child responsibility, says Hooton. At Barnham every child has responsibility.

One girl came to Hooton, having been a problem in a number of other schools. She was very nervous and given to frequent bouts of nausea in class.

"She seemed to like our way of doing things and her bouts of sickness became fewer," says Hooton. "After a few weeks I put her in charge of the serviettes for dinner. All she had to do was to see that each child had the right serviette at meal times, and collect them up afterwards. But she had never had that much responsibility before. It worked like a charm. She has been all right for months."

A boy who suffered from diabetes was so lethargic that he took no interest in anything at all. Hooton tried many things without success until he suggested that the boy should make cider. He told the boy to collect the apples from the trees in the school grounds and helped him to make a press.

The boy became so interested that he formed a small group for making wines. They produced carrot, parsnip and other wines, and a new recipe for blackberry wine was broadcast on a radio programme for women.

He learned, too

This interest brought the boy out and at the same time developed his arithmetic through the weighing and measuring of materials, encouraging him to read books on the subject.

Another boy who was unable to read at all was very aggressive and successful at causing trouble without allowing himself to be implicated. One day Hooton found him stroking a dog. He told the boy that he could take his dog for a walk any time.

One day he turned up at Hooton's neat red-brick council house and gruffly asked if he could take the dog out. With him in mind, Hooton organized a pet day at the school, when other children brought along their pets.

The boy took a fancy to rabbits. Hooton bought a buck and a doe for him, and then the boy wanted to know all about looking after them. Hooton sent for information from a young farmers' club and put it all into the simplest possible English.

"There's all you want to know about rabbits," he said as he gave it to the boy. "Now get on and learn to read it." The boy quickly learned to read.

Whatever critics of Hooton's methods may say there is no doubt that his children are happy. Visitors find them relaxed, friendly and self-confident.

When an inspector from the Ministry of Education called and toured the school, Hooton invited him to lunch.

"It's all fixed up," said the inspector. "I have been invited by Mary and James to have lunch at their table, and I've told them I'll be delighted to join them."

THE END

MOORLAND THAW

Now as the snow is melting
on the moor
The runnels fill. Water and
light as well
Go purling past across the
rocky floor,
Gurgling with laughter as the
bubbles swell.
Each crystal adds its sally to
the spate
And where the gleams of
foolish banter dart
A ready chuckle speaks the
carefree state;
So like—so very like—the
human heart.

J. PHOENICE

The kid sister roars off to Monte Carlo

continued from page 9

skidded on a bend she deliberately steered for a bank of snow but hit a snow-covered post which rammed the fan belt through the radiator. Another car came along out of control, Pat fell flat avoiding it and gashed her head.

In her mad rush over more than 20,000 miles of rally roads a year, Pat Moss drives for eighty per cent of the time, with Ann Wisdom taking over for the other twenty per cent. On the road she eats pounds of sweets and drinks orange juice and soup by the gallon. She smokes incessantly and, as long sessions of night driving approach, she swallows two "wakey-wakey" pills—one more than the average competitor.

Towards the end of one exhausting drive she began to see "gaggles of big black cats," but drove on.

Lighter for luck

Very superstitious, she dislikes green cars, wears lucky charms, touches wood often and insists upon carrying her lucky cigarette lighter key-ring—even though the lighter won't work.

When B.M.C. provided her with a sports car for use in competitions in Britain, they first repainted it red—it was originally green—and changed the registration number to 417. "Just the same," says Chambers, "when Pat discovered that the number had been thirteen she instantly hated the car and never did anything much with it."

After a rally she eats steaks practically raw, celebrates with champagne and substitutes red wine for her usual drink—Coca-Cola. "She prefers to sneak away from cocktail parties," says Ann, "to see horror films."

Although she has visited half the major cities in Western Europe, to her they are simply competition check-points on a road map. "The souvenirs she buys are trashy," says an acquaintance, "such oddities as music boxes and models of the Eiffel Tower."

Her friends agree that her organization of her private affairs and effects is chaotic. "Her bedroom is often in a fearful state," says Ann, "and she can take ages to get dressed."

After last year's "Liége," in which Pat Moss did better than any Briton had ever done, the mayor of Liége gave a reception. At the start, Pat was conspicuously absent.

Other members of her team sipped cocktails with mounting embarrassment as Continental drivers and enthusiasts clamoured for "Miss Moose."

She arrived late and explained in her slightly husky voice that her visit to the hairdresser had lasted longer than she thought it would. But nobody who knew her was surprised when she was also late for dinner the same evening.

She can, however, be extremely considerate. Before attending a reception on the Mediterranean coast she remembered mechanics working on cars at a neighbouring resort, and went out of her way to supply them with champagne.

She remembers birthdays, seems at ease with strangers and gives disarming interviews. "If people ask awkward questions," says a friend, "she is capable of looking them straight in the eye and telling a bare-faced lie."

When, at nineteen, she first discovered the joys of motor sport, she chased success regardless both of her own safety and what others might think.

Approaching a control in a Midlands rally five minutes too early, she hid her competition card, then, while officials waited, she searched through cubby holes and pockets, tipping combs, coats, maps and car seats on to the verge.

She "found" the missing card and handed it in precisely on time, thereby avoiding penalties.

Avoiding the rules

When she dented the wing of a car in another rally she drove to a garage, had the wing rapidly straightened and resprayed—not expressly forbidden by the rules—and finished the course on time with a new paint job.

"After the announcement that we had won the ladies' section without loss of points," says Ann, "the atmosphere was torrid. But nobody complained officially and Pat was unperturbed. She felt her initiative was rewarded."

When Pat Moss joined the B.M.C. team it was assumed that she had been chosen for the publicity value of her family name. But she proved that she also had ability.

"Each fresh success against top-class competition seems to amaze her," says a friend, "as though she can't quite believe that Stirling is not the only ace driver in the family now."

Yet she owes little of her driving progress directly to her brother. When she drove him on the Silverstone circuit he showed his degree of confidence in her by grabbing the steering wheel himself when a racing car came up behind, and spinning her off the track. "We sat," says Pat, "and swore at one another."

He taught her how to handle a sports car on icy roads near Tring. As she drove confidently home through the farm gates the rear of the car slewed round and hit a post. "Stirling," says Pat, "sat and laughed his head off. I counted slowly to a hundred."

She prepares for rallies thoroughly, studying maps for weeks in advance and marking special features with small red pins. In December she reconnoitred the Monte Carlo route and made meticulous notes.

"If things go badly she's a good loser," says Ann. "In the Moss family it's not done to cry over spilled milk."

During last year's "Alpine," the girls, suspecting that the air filters on their car were becoming blocked by dust, removed them at a check-point.

A motoring journalist, who volunteered to help by closing up the bonnet of the car while Pat stowed gear, saw an "untidy" rubber tube hanging loose and tied it in a knot. It was a breather pipe, which had been fixed to the air filters. Tied, it pushed oil through the rear bearing, caused the clutch to slip and lost Pat and Ann so many points on the next section of the rally, that they failed to win a "Coupe des Alpes."

"Even after this body blow," says Chambers, "Pat kept calm. While Ann sobbed on my shoulder, she stayed dry-eyed, and when she met the journalist again I don't think she mentioned it."

After the rally, when most drivers were resting in hotel rooms at a holiday resort near Marseilles, excited cries came from the sea front.

Pat, disappointment forgotten, had challenged her competitions manager to a race—in a paddle boat.

She won convincingly.

THE END

Small-scale dining

Dining-rooms are shrinking; will they vanish altogether? Our new, labour-saving homes have dining-corners instead. Whether in the kitchen, the living-room or hall, these tabloid dining-rooms present some interesting problems in furnishing and decorating

A dining-corner in the kitchen is convenient. English Rose self-supporting seating units have storage space inside, can be added to or removed to suit the family

Living-dining-room furniture must be adaptable. These G-Plan dining chairs would not look out of place if used round the fireside

"THEY'VE got a Dining Hall," said my wife in a thoughtful voice, replacing the telephone receiver. We were preparing to visit old friends in their new home. I had imagined a chintzy cottage; but a Dining Hall sounded alarmingly baronial. Tim and Maggie must have gone up in the world.

It turned out to be a tiny cottage after all. There was a storm porch and then a hall and in the hall four ladderback chairs and a gate-legged table agreeably set for lunch. It was indeed a dining-hall, but the vital hyphen, indicating its dual rôle, had not registered to my wife on the phone. Like thousands of home makers who live in a small space, Tim and Maggie had made a dining corner and gained an extra bedroom out of the old dining-room.

In homes where inches count, the separate dining-room is a waste of space. It was often the dreariest, chilliest and least loved room in the house. It need not be much lamented. By contrast, the new-style dining corner, planned for the job, may be a cheerful, stimulating spot and will often liberate another room for a spare bedroom or study. The kitchen-dining-room, living-dining-room and dining-hall have come to stay. How can we make the most of them?

Easy-Fitting Furniture

I built this double-sided room divider to split the dining area off from the kitchen in my last house. Steam and smells were eliminated, and food and plates were easily handed through the hatch. All the easy-to-make hardboard sliding cupboards (I shall be giving instructions for making these in another issue) opened on both sides, and as the kitchen was narrow, the doors were flush with the wall on the kitchen side and all the storage space inside the cupboard was taken from the dining-room where it made a useful shelf

This handsome flap table, which seats two with the flap down and four or five with the flap raised, is part of an ingenious wall-unit system called Danish Royal. The rails which are fixed to the wall have holes into which you can lock any or many of the units available. This table, the H-table, measures 64 in. fully extended, and is made in teak veneer, price £16 17s. 6d., mahogany veneer, price £15 17s. 6d., or walnut finish. Made by the Regent Furniture Galleries

A really space-saving notion, the "Hideaway" sideboard-cum-dining unit takes up no more room than a bookcase when it is folded away like this. The sliding cupboard on the right holds china. The two-door cupboard on the left takes glass, and the drawer beneath it is divided into two sections—one for linen, and the other baize-lined to protect silver from scratches

Open, the "Hideaway" has an ingenious hinged double-flapped table on castors which seats four easily, and could take six at a pinch. The four stools are covered in tapestry to your choice. The whole "Hideaway" unit is 9 ft. long and the wood is finished in natural walnut. The price of the complete unit is £54 10s. from all branches of William Perring

The incredible shrinking table, designed by Christopher Heal, shown here at its smallest size, 4 ft. by 2 ft., and only 1 ft. 3 in. high, makes a perfect coffee, tea, or sofa-side table. The flap can be raised to increase the size of top to 4 ft. by 3 ft. The dog-leg shaped legs are folded under so that the shorter ends are in use and the longer ends are tucked away out of sight

The same table raised to dining height, 2 ft. 4 in. The legs are swung round so that the longer ends are used and the flap extended to make a roomy dining table. The top is slid to centre over the legs to avoid the lopsided effect of many flap tables. The table top is of teak, the legs are rosewood-finish. The price of this two-purpose table is £26 10s. from Heal's

Kitchen-dining-rooms

People have been eating breakfast in the kitchen for years, so it's not much of a change to be eating other meals there, too. A kitchen-dining-room has the big advantage that you can take food straight from the stove to the table, so that plates and dishes are piping hot.

Disadvantages of dining-kitchens are the unsightly mess which gathers around the sink, steam and the smell of food. A meal table in the middle of the kitchen is not a sound idea. You must walk round it every time you want to cross the kitchen and tire yourself with countless unnecessary footsteps.

The best way to eat in the kitchen in comfort is to rig up a room divider, which splits off the eating area from the working kitchen. This divider may serve the double purpose of cutting your table off from the sight of cooking and will house glasses and silver. Steam and smells can be banished by fitting an extractor fan, and perhaps a canopy, over your cooker.

If you don't mind sitting on high stools you can save still more space, with a high-level built-in dining counter which can also be used as a worktop between meals. For a kitchen-cum-living-room, in a cottage or tiny flat, an eating bar like this makes a good room divider, marking the boundary between kitchen and sitting-room. Stools will tuck under it, and the whole thing takes up little space.

Working kitchens may look workmanlike, but are seldom cosy; but a kitchen-dining-room can be very attractive. A dining corner, decorated in contrast to the rest of the room, provides the richness, and perhaps the touch of nonsense the whole room needs.

Living-dining-rooms

If your kitchen is too small, and there is more room to spare in the sitting-room, you will do better with a living-dining-room. In a small house, this can be a great furniture saver. There is so much modern furniture of a foldaway, packaway, stackaway nature that your dining area can practically vanish between meals.

If yours is a family which likes to watch television while eating, you can use your dining corner as a buffet where everyone goes to help themselves. Or use a convertible trolley table, with which you can wheel away all the debris at one go. Either way, you won't have to leave the set while you eat.

When it comes to decoration, you can let yourself go in the dining corner or recess. Make it as different as possible in colour and pattern from the rest of the room. Dark, rich colours are warmer and more comfortable for a dining-room, and light colours for a sitting-room, so let your dining corner, area or alcove provide a splash of contrast.

Dining-halls

A dining-hall such as that which our friends, Tim and Maggie, have in their cottage, can also be the ideal solution to the eating-space problem in a bungalow or small flat. All the rooms usually lead off the hall, and it is often larger than is really necessary. With a folding table, useful for hats and letters between times, and a few chairs, a hall makes a useful dining-room, which is convenient to the kitchen on one hand and the sitting-room on the other. It has one advantage over the dining-living-room—you can leave it when the meal is finished and clear up the dishes and debris when your guests have gone.

ROGER SMITHELLS WILL HELP YOU

with your home-making problems. Write to him at "John Bull Illustrated," 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for a reply

Nigel Nicolson faces some of his Bournemouth constituents. He voted against the government on Suez—and was disowned by his local Conservative party

If he won't toe the party line . . .

Would you throw your M.P. out?

by KEITH ELLIS

One cold, wet, blustery night in December, 1956, a young doctor named Bill Deane dashed out of a crowded meeting at Boscombe's Selwyn Hall and drove rapidly out through Christchurch and the tiny village of Bransgore to an old white house with blue window frames, set a little way back from the road.

Inside, Nigel Nicolson, M.P., was trying to while away the time with a book.

A short time before he had spoken for forty minutes at the Selwyn Hall meeting, explaining to members of the Bournemouth and Christchurch Conservative Association why he had not voted for the government on Suez.

Then he had been sent home while they decided what action they should take.

Deane's news was bad. By 298 votes to ninety-two they had passed a resolution that they had no further confidence in Nicolson, and had instructed their executive to find a new candidate to fight the seat.

Unlike Anthony Nutting (Conservative) and Stanley Evans (Labour), who also fell foul of their local parties over Suez, Nicolson refused to resign.

The bitterest row

In doing so he provoked the bitterest political row in the history of Bournemouth and split the association between a minority who still support him and a majority who prefer the new candidate, Major James Friend. But, more important, he has raised again the old question: "How far should constituents control their M.P.?"

In theory, democracy means rule by the majority, but since it is impossible for thirty-five million voters to meet as a committee, they choose 630 members to represent them in Parliament. In theory, the more fiercely an M.P. fights for the interests of his constituents the better he is doing his job.

Today the standard of service M.P.s render their constituents is higher than ever before. At no previous time have they asked so many questions in Parliament about the individual and collective problems of the people who put them there.

Indeed, some experts think that M.P.s spend too much time on their constituents' affairs. Lord Attlee has suggested that they would do their job better if they cut their Saturday "surgeries" and spent the time resting or thinking over wider problems.

Unsparing efforts

In Bournemouth, not even Nicolson's enemies accuse him of failing to protect their special interests. He has persistently fought their case on subjects as varied as pensions, coast protection and the rating of coastal resorts.

Brian Mead, editor of the independent *Christchurch Times*, says: "He has represented all classes and has been absolutely unsparing in his efforts."

But how far should constituents expect to control the way their M.P. votes in Parliament? Nicolson himself has pointed out some of the difficulties. The electors may disagree among themselves. In any case, it is impossible without taking an almost daily vote to find out exactly what their views on each subject are.

Again, they may not know what they want except for some vague generalizations such as "peace and prosperity." Even if they do, some of their wishes may be irreconcilable. They may demand lower taxes and at the same time want benefits that only high taxes can pay for. In Parliament the member has to take his choice and either way is likely to upset a section of his constituents.

In practice, the party system overcomes some of these difficulties. By voting for a Conservative, Labour or Liberal candidate, electors indicate their support for both a set of definite proposals and also for a general political philosophy in the light of which other problems can be dealt with. In this way a majority can expect an M.P. broadly to represent their views.

But if an M.P. is elected on a party ticket, should he always vote for that party in Parliament?

The official view of the Conservative Party is given in a pamphlet on the adoption of candidates. It quotes the eighteenth-century Conservative politician, Edmund Burke. "Your representative owes you not his industry only, but his judgment; and he betrays instead of serving you if he sacrifices it to your opinion.

". . . authoritative instructions, which the member is bound blindly and implicitly to obey, though contrary to the dearest convictions of his judgment and conscience, are utterly unknown to the laws of the land and against the tenor of our constitution."

Nicolson stands by Burke, but Major Stanley Grant, the stocky, square-faced chairman of the Bournemouth East Association, puts a different view. "If each M.P. obeys his own conscience," he says, "you get to the point where nobody is represented in Parliament except M.P.s.

"Nicolson wants the best of both worlds. He wants to be independent, but he also wants the support of people who want their political views represented in Parliament."

Grant makes the point that conditions have changed since the days of Burke.

In the eighteenth century M.P.s paid their own election expenses and if they did not "own" the seat frequently bribed the electors with cash or promises of office.

Nowadays strict rules prevent M.P.s of both parties from contributing more than a small amount to the funds of the local organization. It is the party officials, working for nothing, who raise the money that gets the member into Parliament.

They canvass, address envelopes, man committee rooms. If they do not believe in the man they are working for, they are not likely to do it very willingly. Morale will suffer. Support will dwindle away. In a particularly bad case the seat may be lost.

A rare freedom

Both major parties pay lip-service to Burke's doctrine and occasionally allow their members to vote against the party. But both insist that M.P.s vote with their colleagues as a general rule and on major issues. The way in which they impose party discipline differs sharply.

In Parliament the Conservative Party has no standing orders and M.P.s are free to abstain or vote against the party if they wish. In the last sixteen years only two Conservative members have had the whip withdrawn.

But while giving an M.P. freedom in Parliament, the Conservative Party gives him no protection against his local association.

When the Prime Minister was asked for his views on the Nicolson controversy, he wrote: "It is a very long tradition of our party that the leader of the party should not intervene

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There was something odd about the One-Good-Thing Club. It seemed too good to be true—and so did the charming young lady who ran it

RAFFLES AND THE DOGS OF FOH

by BARRY PEROWNE

As the fog of an autumn midnight was creeping round the Chelsea gas lamps, A. J. Raffles and myself, Bunny Manders, turned in at the dark doorway of a shuttered shop in King's Road.

Ivor Kern, antique dealer and receiver of stolen property, opened the door to admit us. The light from the three-pronged candlestick he held hollowed his pale, clever face.

"Cricket all the summer, eh?" he said. "But now that the long nights are coming on. . . ." He chuckled dryly. "All right, let's go upstairs and talk."

We followed Ivor towards the stairs at the back of the shop. Abruptly he checked. His head was cocked, as though he listened intently.

All I could hear, for a moment, was the ticking of many clocks in the shadows. Then I became aware of another sound—a regular, slightly stertorous breathing. It came from behind an ebony screen in the corner.

Raffles picked his way towards the screen, craned forward warily to peer round the edge of it. Silently we followed him, and the light of Kern's candles fell on a man sprawled in a lacquered chair behind the screen.

The stranger's head sagged forward on his chest. His hair was snow-white and he wore a narrow black mask.

"He's a burglar," Raffles whispered. "An old, old burglar—fallen asleep on the job!"

The aged marauder stirred uneasily. He began to rub his eyes with the backs of his hands, and became aware of the mask. "What's this?"

"An appurtenance of your calling," Raffles said. "Allow me."

He removed the mask and held it dangling. The marauder looked up at us miserably. "All right," he muttered. "I'll come quietly."

"I remember *you*," Kern said. "You came into my shop here about a month ago, with a jade ornament you wanted to sell. An antique—good period, good colour. It should have been a pair—the Dogs of Foh—but you had only one."

"Yes, Mr. Kern," the old man said bitterly. "And I was fool enough to let it go for a fraction of its value. Heaven help me for having been desperate enough to come here in this way to try and get it back. Damned old fool, I'm caught now. I'm done for."

His lips trembled. Raffles put a steadying hand on his shaking shoulder.

"Don't worry," Raffles said. "No harm's going to come to you. Here, have a cigarette. Now suppose you tell us all about it."

The old chap's name was Hamish Cass. He was quite alone in the world and lived in an attic bed-sitter off the Fulham Road. The only thing that had remained to him, from better days, he told us, was his jade ornament.

"Which you sold to Mr. Kern," Raffles said.

"Too soon!" said the old man. He hesitated for a moment, looking up at Raffles. Then, he took a letter from his pocket. "I got this a few days ago."

Anxiously I watched Sadoun swing open the door of the safe. Would Raffles's simple little trap work?

Swiftly Raffles unfolded the letter. At its head was the printed address "Château Mont Michel-Ange, près Grass, Provence."

The letter read:

Dear Hamish,

I write to you from a château belonging to an English married couple called Stephen and Celesta Denny. They run the place as a residential club for elderly Englishmen. The qualifications for admission are that one should be over seventy and alone in the world, should possess One Good Thing surviving from better days, and should be proposed by an existing member. It's called the One-Good-Thing Club.

After a month's probationary residence here, a new candidate, if he likes the simple kind of life we live and wants to stay permanently, is voted upon by the rest of us old buffers. If he's not blackballed as an unsociable fellow or anything, then he simply, on election, wills his good thing to Mr. Denny, who undertakes to keep it on the premises during the member's lifetime, for his own and the common enjoyment.

His good thing, Hamish, thus represents both the candidate's entrance fee and the purchase price of, as you might say, an *annuity*, which he receives in the form of expense-free keep and residence, in this beautiful place, for the rest of his days.

Now, old friend, Mrs. Celesta Denny will be in London shortly to see some proposed candidates. Remembering how wretchedly you were placed last time I saw you, and hoping you've not been obliged to part with your exquisite Dog of Foh, I'm proposing you.

Mrs. Denny will be available for interviews on the 27th, 28th and 29th inst., at the Finch Court Hotel, Southampton Row. I feel sure she will consider your Dog of Foh an acceptable entrance fee.

So, my dear Hamish, hoping soon to see you happily settled here among us, I remain, always your loyal friend,

Wm. P. Gapper.

Raffles looked at Kern, then he looked at me. Never had I seen such a strange expression on his face.

"Ivor," Raffles said, "have you still got Mr. Cass's Dog of Foh?"

Kern nodded.

"In that case," Raffles said, "we must see if we can't arrange for Mr. Cass here to avail himself of what seems a most unusual opportunity."

Under the great clock shining mistily through the echoing cavern of a London station, a few evenings later, a woman was pacing to and fro. From a window of the upstairs refreshment room, Raffles and I looked down at her, and I muttered: "Well? What d'you make of Celesta Denny?"

"As enigmatic, Bunny," he said, "as the whole business of this residential club. There's a joker somewhere."

I nodded. The One-Good-Thing Club seemed, indeed, as Raffles had pointed out to old Hamish, a fertile field for abuses. Enlisting old Hamish's aid in investigating the proposition, Raffles had packed him off for an interview with Celesta Denny. He had reported to us that his application for probationary membership of the club had been accepted and that he was meeting Mrs. Denny at seven-thirty this evening to catch the Continental boat-train.

"There's Hamish now," Raffles said.

Pretty soon two more old fellows arrived. We watched Celesta Denny introduce the three probationary members to each other. Then they all went off towards the departure platform.

"All right, Bunny," Raffles said. "We'll find our own seats now."

Many travellers were bound south to escape the winter. Among them, Celesta Denny and her three companions, each old enough to be her grandfather, made an odd little group. They broke their journey at Paris, Lyons and Marseilles. We had various glimpses of them, but it was only on the sixth day, in the diligence trundling up the dusty road to Grasse, that we were thrown into anything like close contact with them.

It was mid-afternoon when, in the shade-flicker of trees, the diligence rumbled into the central square.

"Soon be home now," I heard Celesta tell the old men. "My husband and

As we prepared to go, Celesta told Raffles: "You must visit us again. When you are not looking for stolen property, perhaps?"

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

In short

Foreign Affairs

Nello Micarelli, an Italian bird catcher, wishes that his whistling was not so realistic. While hiding in a thicket outside Rome, whistling to lure birds, he was hit by the full charge of a double-barrelled shot-gun from a bird-hunter.

Frank Patterson told police that he had not really intended to escape from Biloxi, Mississippi, jail. He decided not to when he stuck half-way through his cell window. He could not get back, so he squeezed himself out.

Keeping Up

Jones's garden winter through
Rests in smug order;
He's done the things he ought to do
To bed and border;
Forked over, dug deep,
(In peace he'll sleep)
Set winter sowings;
Raked the last mowings,
Cut down, thinned out, tied in new shoots,
Scraped the last mud off his Wellington boots;
Jones's garden is something to see
In December, Jan., or February,
But I'm sorry he lives next door to me.

M. EVANS

Note From The Head

How kind of you to send us all those lovely pictures of Switzerland. Of course we will take good care of them and let you have them back at once. I am afraid it is not possible to see that each class has a lesson about Switzerland today as you suggest; but Bobby's class, at any rate, is seeing the first two albums. I am afraid there may not be time for the rest.

We are also very grateful for the cuckoo clocks that you sent along. We promise not to wind them or alter the hands and to keep them away from the hot pipes. We will send them back after school, as you request, together with the alpenstock, the horn and the model of Monte Rosa.

It was most kind of you to offer to teach the school to yodel. Bobby's own yodelling was a feature of school life for some days. Unfortunately there is no place for yodelling in the programme for the Musical Festival on which we are concentrating just now. I am passing on your offer to describe your holiday experiences, dressed in Swiss costume, to the Parent-Teacher Association. We must not let the children have all the treats!

R. G. G. PRICE

Coating

Fur coats as gifts have lots of charm,
You really can't deny it.
They're good to keep a woman warm
Or else to keep her quiet.

RICHARD ARMOUR

Things We Wish We'd Never Started

Dear Fellow Enthusiast,

You have given us your moral support. You have helped our funds. Now we want YOU!

If this country of ours is to be saved from vandals, we must come out and fight! Yet another HIDEOUS TELEVISION MAST is to be set up, this time on beautiful Bluenose Beacon. On Saturday week we are organizing a GRAND PROTEST MARCH to the top of the Beacon, where Councillor Thompson will light a FIERY CROSS, after which we shall descend in a TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION. Versatile treasurer Jimmy Miller has undertaken to furnish a Fiery Cross, and will be glad of any ideas or help. Each marcher will be expected to make his own torch.

For those who feel unequal to a sixteen-mile march there is a splendid chance to parade the High Street with protest placards. Do not be afraid of what your neighbours will think. Don't chain yourselves to railings—yet.

Remember, we saved the old Georgian madhouse. We are proud to have preserved the so-called bottleneck at Bullstone. The War Office and the Air Ministry have learned to fear us. Now we fight a most insidious menace. But we are not alone. We believe there are thousands who would rather do without television than see a famous landmark disfigured. . . .

E. S. TURNER

Raffles and the Dogs of Foh

continued from previous page

children will be here to meet us. Yes, *I* see them! There they are!"

She was first out of the omnibus, and from a cart with a tasselled canopy a small girl and a small boy raced to meet her. She stooped to gather them in her arms, then straightened up to be embraced in her turn by a big, tanned, smiling chap of about thirty.

"Dammit, Raffles," I muttered, as I took a cigarette from his proffered case, "I wonder if there really *is* a joker?"

"Denny!" a voice called suddenly.

Round the little square were a number of cafés with pavement tables. At one of them, in a speckle of leaf-shade, sat a man in a white suit, a swarthy, confident-looking individual. As the Denny couple saw him their smiles faded. Stephen Denny told the children to go and introduce themselves to the three old gentlemen and, with Celesta, walked over slowly towards the café.

"Bunny," Raffles said, "aren't you gasping for a drink?"

We, too, strolled over to the café. Raffles led the way into the dim interior and chose a table near the open window, in which hung a bead curtain.

STEPHEN DENNY, outside, was saying. "I didn't know you were down from Paris, Mr. Sadoun."

"Arrived yesterday," said the man in the white suit. "I've an investment here to keep an eye on, remember? But won't you sit down? Ah, no—naturally—you want to get back to your new arrivals. And what have they brought, I wonder—by way of entrance fees?"

Celesta Denny said slowly: "One of them has a Constable—a large one."

"Satisfactory," said the man in the white suit. "And the other two?"

"One has a *prie-dieu*," Celesta said, "carved by Grinling Gibbons. The other has an antique jade—only one of a pair, but of a good period and colour. One of the Dogs of Foh."

"Size?" the man said sharply. And Celesta must have sketched the size with her hands, for he went on, with an edge of excitement to his voice, "Ah, indeed! Most interesting! Well, well, you seem to have had a good journey to London this time, Mrs. Denny. I shall look forward to seeing the new acquisitions when I come up to call on you tomorrow. Now, I mustn't detain you any longer. *A demain*, my young friends, *à demain*!"

Through the bead curtain I saw the Denny couple walk slowly away. Then the man in the white suit came inside and mounted a flight of stairs.

"This place seems to be a hotel of sorts, Bunny," Raffles murmured. "There's a register on the counter over there. Let's have a look at it."

The waiter behind the counter asked if we wished to stay and, at Raffles's nod, turned the register to us. There was only one entry under the date of the previous day: K. S. Sadoun, *Galeries des Raretés*, rue de Miromesnil, Paris.

"Still think there's no joker, Bunny?" Raffles said.

The man in the white suit was an antique dealer.

WE saw him set out from the hotel at about nine o'clock next morning, driving a hired horse and trap. We gave him a half-hour's start and then, with a trap hired from the same stables, set out ourselves, Raffles taking the reins.

It was well on in the morning, and the sun blazed hot when we saw the château, a grey stone building with medieval turrets. A sunburned, wrinkled old fellow appeared in a barn doorway to take a look at us.

"Good morning," said Raffles. "We'd like to see Mr. Denny, if possible."

"Englishmen, eh?" said the old man. "Well, my name's Gapper. Mr. Denny's got a visitor at the moment. There's his trap yonder. I'll tell Mrs. Denny you're here, though."

We alighted from the trap and had a look about. There was a bearded old chap sitting at a table on a terrace, apparently teaching the Dennys' small boy the moves in chess.

Suddenly, from under the doorway to the right; under the arch, Celesta Denny appeared. As we raised our hats, Raffles said: "Mrs. Denny? My name is Fellowes—Edward Fellowes—and I have just come from London. I would appreciate it very much if I could have a word or two with your husband."

Celesta Denny gave us both a puzzled look. "Is it important?" she asked. "Stephen is engaged just now, and after that he has to rush off." She hesitated, but then she seemed to decide that we boded her and her husband no ill. She smiled and said impulsively: "He will be away for the rest of the day—but perhaps you would care to dine with us tonight? I know he would like that. We see very few people from home."

Raffles bowed. He said: "We would be charmed. . . ."

We returned to the château that evening, but it wasn't until after the excellent meal the Dennys put on for us that Raffles broached the subject of our visit.

"In point of fact," he said, glancing from Celesta Denny to her husband and back again, "we are insurance investigators—and your name has reached our ears in connection with certain rumours about a—a club of some kind. The One-Good-Thing Club." He took from his pocket a black notebook. "I had never set eyes on it before. This is a list of articles — unhappily, *stolen* articles—which my colleague and I are endeavouring to trace. . . ."

Stephen Denny turned pale. Celesta Denny gasped. But she was the first to recover herself.

"Oh, but," she said, "if you're trying to tell us that you'd like to look round here, you're perfectly welcome. I'll show you round myself. I'm quite sure you'll find no stolen articles *here*."

CELESTA rose. Stephen Denny rose, too, and took her arm. Together, they showed us through room after room of the Château Mont Michel-Ange. They were lofty and spacious and on the whitewashed walls hung fine pictures. There was not a great deal of furniture, but each piece was a thing of beauty.

After a while, Stephen Denny began to explain.

"I was twenty," he said, "an artist living in Chelsea, quite penniless, when I inherited this place from the French branch of my family. There wasn't a stick of furniture in it then.

"Then an old relation wrote and said that, if I would have him to live here, he'd bring a couple of rather good old pieces of furniture which were all he owned in the world, and leave them to me in his will.

"Well, after a while he wanted to invite an old crony of his, who was homeless and alone, to come and live here, too. The old man came, bringing one or two treasures he had managed to keep. And *he* knew another old man, and. . . ."

"I think I begin to understand," Raffles said, and closed his notebook.

"It dawned on Stephen, after a while," Mrs. Denny said, "that if you were to bring together a lot of poor old lonely men who had only one good thing to their names—why, then, you could make a place like this a home for them all that was *full* of beautiful things!"

"An admirable idea," Raffles said.

"I thought so, too," she said, "when I married Stephen and came here to live. But time has brought to light, gradually, an unforeseen circumstance. Of course, we're all very grateful for it, but . . . well, do you know, the club has never yet lost a member!"

We stared at her.

"So you see," Stephen Denny broke in, "there's been no income because until a member dies his property cannot be sold.

"To keep going, the club committee

authorized me to get advances on the security of various things here. A Paris dealer, a Mr. Sadoun, came down to look round. He got very excited when he saw what was here. He was quite ready to make advances for a limited period. The idea was that, whenever a membership lapsed and the member's entrance fee was sold for its full value, it would be easy both to repay the advance on it and to pay off a bit of the advances obtained on the other things. You see?"

"Quite," said Raffles. "But, Mr. Denny, if *no* membership has lapsed?"

Stephen Denny looked worried again. "Yes," he said, "that's just what. . . ." He broke off, and then went on grimly: "The truth is that all these things are hopelessly in hock." He turned to his wife. "Celesta—I couldn't bring myself to tell you before, but when Sadoun was here this morning, he was looking over the three new things that came yesterday. He offered to make an advance on Mr. Cass's Dog of Foh, and brought out the usual pledge agreement for me to sign."

"But those new things can't be pledged, Stephen," Celesta said, "till the probationary members have been here a month and been properly elected."

"Naturally," said Stephen. "That's what I told him. He said that either I sign the pledge agreement or he'd take

IDLENESS—I

He is not only idle who does nothing, but he is idle who might be better employed.

Socrates

legal steps to recover the advances already made."

"It's those pledges which have been worrying us all so much," said Celesta.

"He's returning to Paris tomorrow afternoon," Stephen said, "to collect the pledge agreements out of his safe and consult his lawyer."

We went downstairs again. It was time to leave.

"You must visit us again," Celesta told Raffles. "When you are not looking for stolen property, perhaps?"

"Nothing would give us greater pleasure," said Raffles.

As the Dennys were seeing us out, however, he suddenly discovered that he had left his black notebook upstairs. He hurried back to get it, leaving me standing with Celesta and Stephen.

Neither of us had anything to say as our trap jolted down the track from the château. The thought that a sharp dealer like Sadoun was in a position to loot the place pretty well as he pleased sickened me. I said as much.

"It depends, Bunny," Raffles said. "If by any chance he were unable to produce those agreements from his safe he could hardly start proceedings."

I felt a sudden, hard thump in my chest.

"But this is France," I said. "That safe's in Paris. You'd almost certainly need tools, equipment, to crack it. We aren't in London, now. We can't go to Kern for the things we need."

"We don't need tools," Raffles said, "when we have a key."

"Key?" I said, staring.

"What d'you think I nipped back into the château for, at the last moment?" Raffles said. "My black notebook? Nonsense, old boy. It was child's play to collect this——"

He took a hand from his pocket. He held out to me, on his palm, an ornament of flawless jade.

"Old Hamish's Dog of Foh," said A. J. Raffles.

NEXT day, Raffles and I arrived in Paris by the same train as Sadoun himself and were able to follow him closely enough to hear the address he gave to a cab driver outside the station.

"The Muette quarter," Raffles said, as we watched the cab move off. "That must be where his home is. He doesn't live on his business premises, in the rue de Miromesnil. He's tired and grimy from his journey, and he's going straight home. Nothing could suit our book better, Bunny. His safe is almost certainly at his shop." He glanced up at the station clock. "Half past four. That gives us none too much time."

We took a cab to the corner of the rue de Miromesnil. About half-way along, on the left, was the *Galeries des Raretés*. We glanced through the window, into the gaslit shop as we strolled by.

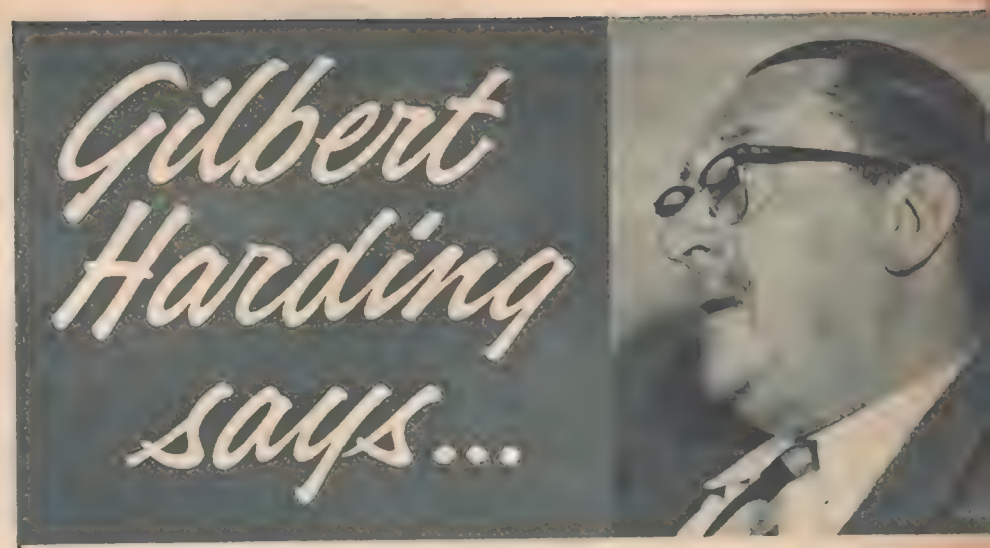
"Couple of male assistants in charge," Raffles murmured. He pulled his hat lower. "Wait for me on the corner ahead there. I'm going to ask if they'd like to buy the Foh dog."

I waited on the street corner until Raffles rejoined me.

"It's ticking like clockwork, Bunny," he said. "The head assistant was quite excited when he saw the Foh dog, but, as I guessed, he wasn't empowered to make an offer for anything of such value.

"I said I was leaving Paris tonight, but that I should be dining at my hotel at eight o'clock—I gave them the name of an hotel in the boulevard St.-Germain. The head assistant at once told his junior to call at Sadoun's home, and tell him where the Dog of Foh could be inspected at eight o'clock tonight."

When we returned to the *Galeries des Raretés* the shutters were up, and



This is the bell that tolls for us all

STATISTICS usually bounce off the elephant-hide of my indolence and indifference, leaving me untouched. But never figures of men and women who are unemployed, depressingly high this month for a country where, according to Mr. Macmillan not so long ago, "we've never had it so good."

The very word "unemployment" strikes a chill into my heart. I don't need a psychoanalyst to tell me why; it has, of course, something to do with my childhood.

I come, on both sides of my family, from men and women who devoted their lives to work for the distressed in "workhouses," dreaded and dreary places of refuge for those who had no work, or could not work. Both my grandfathers, both my grandmothers, and my father and mother, knew a great deal about the men and women, the waste and tragedy, behind the unemployment figures.

For many years it was expected that I should follow in the family tradition. If I had left school at the age of fourteen (that was the school-leaving age in my day) and not had the luck to go up to Cambridge, almost certainly I should now be a public assistance officer.

I thank heaven that I am not.

This is not because I despise such work. I know I am not good enough to do it. I am a sucker for any distress story; I could not hold the scales between private need and the public weal. There is no greater hell that I can imagine than having to put on an armour of public manner to conceal what is in your heart.

To hell with them

The strain would be too great for me, as, I am sure, it sometimes must be for many of the excellent, kind and good men who have to undertake this distasteful work of measuring out charity with coffee-spoons.

My family did not question overmuch the muddle, the cruelty, the crass stupidity that threw men and women on to the scrapheaps they looked after with so much devotion and warm kindliness.

But I did, and still do.

To hell, I say, with all the paunchy men in striped trousers who, even today, are saying that "redundancy" (in plain English, "getting the sack") is "one of the facts of economic life" that we must quietly accept.

There will, of course, always be people who are changing their jobs, and people who, because of the season of the year, are without a job for a short time. They inflate the unemployment figures. But there is no reason (and don't believe anybody who tries to tell you otherwise) why any man with skill and the will to work should be without paid labour for any considerable time.

Unemployment is not like the English climate: something unpleasant that blows up, unpredictably, unalterably, from somewhere, nobody quite knows where.

Unemployment comes about because of policy—or the lack of it.

It may be square to quote John Ruskin these days, but he said, so truly, a hundred years ago: "You cannot destroy a man's soul so efficiently as by wasting his labour."

Making it worse

There are many evils we have said need no longer be, and must never be again. Hunger. Illness, worsened because the sufferer cannot afford a doctor's fee.

Is not unemployment one of them?

What avail the wigs, the teeth, the sedatives, the spectacles if men are to be allowed to have sick souls?

I remember, and plenty of you must do, too, the black 1930s and the sufferings of the many unemployed. In 1931 there were more than two million workers unemployed, and a million of them had not been to work for more than a year. Half of the nation's shipbuilding workers, one coalminer in every three was unemployed. Relief was sometimes not more than it cost at that time to keep a dog in quarantine.

Now, nobody will dare to be so cruel or so insolent. Not, at any rate, to the industrial unemployed. The people I worry about most are the men who are found "redundant," not sacked, the white-collared and shabby-elbowed men who have "appearances" to keep up, who are not numerous enough to make their voices heard, who may be allowed to sink into chill penury and despair almost without our noticing.

We are still too inclined to shrug our shoulders; to accept too easily so-called economic "facts," to offer nothing but sympathy for Jack, with no ladder, because we happen to be all right.

We may be bang up to date with the H.P. payments and doing fine, but any acceptance of the waste of men, even of one man, affects us all. We are all the less. Don't ask for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for you. THE END

MAKE IT YOURSELF
by ROGER SMITHELLS

Vanishing trick

For about 55s. you can make this practical dining table for two. It is covered with a bright, washable linoleum, and will quickly fold away under an eight-inch wall shelf

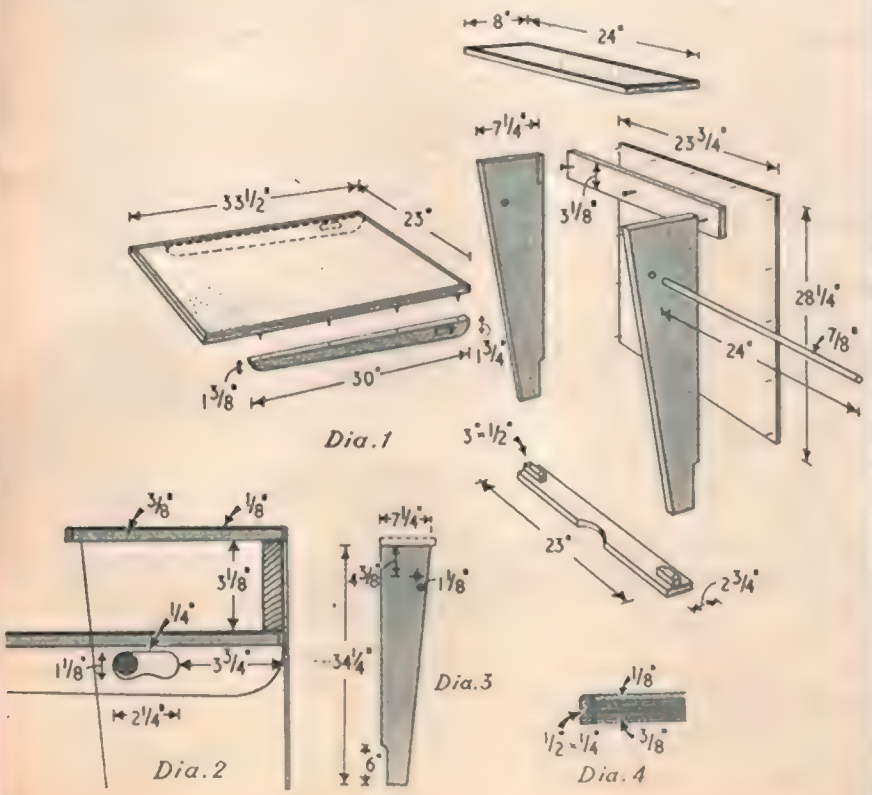
Tools for the job: A saw, fretsaw, hammer, screwdriver, smoothing tool, sandpaper, and drill with masonry bit.

You will need—For the ends: Two pieces of ¾-in. ply 34½ in. by 7¼ in. **For the shelf:** ¾-in. ply 23½ in. by 7¼ in. **Fillets** round the edge of shelf: 64 in. by ½ in. by ¼ in. **For the back:** ¼-in. ply 23½ in. by 28¼ in. **For the top rail:** ¾-in. ply 23 in. by 3½ in. A piece of dowel 24 in. by ⅞ in. diameter, two metal studs 1 in. diameter. **For the bottom rail:** ¾-in. ply 23 in. by 2½ in. **For the two stops:** Two pieces of wood 3 in. by ½ in. by ½ in. **For the tabletop:** ¾-in. ply 33 in. by 22½ in. **For the fillets** round the edges of top: Two pieces of wood 32½ in. by ½ in. by ¼ in. and two pieces 23 in. by ½ in. by ¼ in. For the side rails: Two pieces of ¾-in. ply 30 in. by 1¾ in. **For the table top covering:** Linoleum 33 in. by 22½ in. **For the shelf top:** Linoleum 23½ in. by 7¼ in. Approximately two dozen ½-in. panel pins and two dozen ¾-in. screws, size six. Three 1¼-in. screws, size 8. Glue and linoleum adhesive.

How to do it: Cut all pieces to shape shown in diagram. Glue and panel pin the fillets round the edge of the shelf (diagrams 1 and 4). Drill hole in the sides for the dowel rod (diagram 1). Panel pin and glue the sides to the back. Screw and glue the back rail into position as shown. Screw and glue the shelf to the top of the sides and the top rail; countersink the screws. Panel pin and glue the stops into position on the bottom rail and cut away section for finger space (diagram 1). Screw and glue the bottom rail into position. Panel pin and glue the fillets round the table top.

With a fretsaw and drill cut the oblong holes out of the table supports (diagram 2). Screw and glue the table top to the supports. Hold the table top in position and insert the dowel rod. Glue the dowel rod at each end and fix metal studs.

Using the linoleum adhesive stick the linoleum into position, and paint or stain the wood. Plug the wall and screw the table firmly to it with screws through the top rail.



Raffles and the Dogs of Foh

continued from previous page

all was dark. There was nobody about. Raffles's picklock made short work of the door and we slipped inside, relocking the door. A match exploded like a tiny bomb in the darkness as Raffles lit a candle.

"Right," he said. "Now, let's find that safe."

We found it standing against the wall of a beautifully furnished room at the head of a short flight of stairs.

"Pretty massive, Bunny," Raffles said. "Yes, it'd need gear to open that." He was quite undismayed. "Well, now—let's see. What's behind that screen there?"

I glanced behind the screen. "Just a hat rack," I said.

He nodded. "Now, what's this door, I wonder—in the corner across from the screen?" He opened the door, looked in. "Sadoun's private washbasin, etcetera," he said. "Good solid door. Key on the inside—of course." He removed the key, pocketed it. "No window, just a small ventilator high up. Right. Bunny, nip down into the shop, see if you can find a ball of string."

Striking matches, I found a ball of string and brought it to him.

"Good. Now, just pull up the edge of the carpet there. Roll it back about a yard."

WHILE I obeyed, Raffles busied himself in the small room with the washbasin. He emerged, closing the door, with the string coming out under it. He ran the string across the underfelt, then kicked the carpet back into place, covering the string.

"Come behind the screen, Bunny," he said. He had the candle in one hand and the ball of string—coming up from under the carpet—in the other. "Readjust the screen so that it covers us . . . a wooden screen, you notice, and we can see through the fretted patterning. Nothing to do but wait, now."

"Wait for what?" I said, mystified.

"For the Dog of Foh to open the safe for us," said Raffles.

I peered at him in the candle glimmer. "Are you out of your mind?"

His grey eyes danced. "Hasn't it occurred to you yet," he said, "why Sadoun got so excited when he heard the nature of Hamish Cass's entrance fee, and the size it was? Hasn't it occurred to you why he instantly wanted Stephen to pledge it?"

I could have kicked myself. "He owns the pair to it!" I said. "The other Dog!"

"Of course he does," said Raffles. "And where does he probably keep it? In his safe there. And when his assistant comes running to him and says someone's come into the shop and offered a Dog of Foh, and describes to Sadoun its period, size and hue, what do you think Sadoun will do, knowing damned well that one of the pair is in a château hundreds of miles away in Provence, and that the other is—*or ought to be*—snug in his own safe? Unless I'm much mistaken he'll leg it for his shop here, as fast as he can move. . . . In fact here he comes now, by the sound of it."

HE blew out the candle. Hurrying footsteps came across the shop, ran up the short flight of stairs. I heard the door of the room thrown open. Peering through the screen, I saw Sadoun stride to the fireplace. He touched the match to a gas globe and the mantle popped alight.

His swarthy face looked anxious and his hands shook as he took a key ring from his pocket. He dropped on one knee before the safe and a moment later pulled open the massive door.

Simultaneously, I felt Raffles's slight movement beside me as he pulled, with an even steady pressure, on the string he held. From the little room opening off the office, came a familiar, unpretentious, domestic sound—the slight rattle of a chain, followed by a sudden, brief gush of water.

The effect upon Sadoun was electrifying. He sprang to his feet, staring at the closed door of the ante-room. Then he snatched up a poker from the fireplace.

"Come out!" he called harshly. "I order you to come out!"

The cistern gurgled. Holding up the poker in one hand, Sadoun gave the door a yank, evidently expecting it to be locked. He staggered slightly when it came open. Recovering himself, he peered in warily, his poker raised. Raffles, slipping silently from behind the screen, pushed Sadoun forward into the washroom and closed and locked the door on him.

"He'll start shouting and thumping in a moment," he murmured, smiling wickedly. "He'll be lucky if he's heard, right at the back of the shop, but it'll be just as well if we can catch the night boat train to Dover."

And he turned to the open safe.

FOG was again creeping round the gas lamps in the King's Road, Chelsea, when, the following night, we sat with Ivor Kern in the cluttered sitting-room over his shop.

"Now that we have the pledge agreements signed by Stephen Denny, Ivor," Raffles said, "Sadoun's teeth are drawn, of course. No doubt, when memberships do begin to lapse in the One-Good-Thing Club, so that Stephen can sell each relevant entrance fee for its full value, he'll wish to pay off Sadoun's advance on it, with reasonable interest. I'll be writing Stephen a letter about it—cautious but advisory, and of course unsigned."

"I wonder what happened at the château, Raffles," I said, "when old Hamish Cass's entrance fee was found to be missing?"

"Quite an upset, I expect," Raffles said. "Can't be helped. No doubt my letter will calm them all down." He turned to Kern: "You see, Ivor, old Hamish Cass's entrance fee to the One-Good-Thing Club is going to be an entrance fee paid, for once, in a form the club badly needs—a good, fat lump of hard cash. Which *you* will provide, Ivor."

"Me?" said Kern, staring.

"Certainly," Raffles said, and, reaching a hand into both his jacket pockets, he placed on the table the two Dogs of Foh. He chuckled at Kern's expression. "You told old Hamish Cass you'd give the moon to have the pair, Ivor," Raffles said. "We'll let you off lighter than that—but not much." He glanced at me and took a Sullivan from his cigarette case. "And as to the one or two other trifles we found in Sadoun's safe, we really will let you off lightly—as they're just on Bunny's and my own account," said A. J. Raffles. THE END

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NEXT WEEK

Brian Cleeve's heart-warming story of a girl who made a fairy tale come true

A HUSBAND FOR GRETCHEN

At Montgomery's home, a renovated mill in Hampshire, he displays his trophies of war in an outbuilding. It also contains his famous caravan

Home again—to war in Whitehall

Back in Britain as C.I.G.S., I wrestled with the problems of peace: indecision by officials and terrorism in Palestine

I ARRIVED in the United States on September 10, 1946. My tour as Chief of the Imperial General Staff—a post I had taken over in June of that year—was to include visits to the major military installations there, and time was allowed for talks in Washington with the President and the American chiefs of staff. Whilst in the U.S.A. I was the guest of General Eisenhower and the American Army.

On arrival in Washington I received a reply to my message to the British chiefs of staff, in which I had reported my discussions earlier with Mr. Mackenzie King, the Canadian Prime Minister. These had embraced the standardization of weapons, equipment and operational procedures between Britain, Canada and the U.S.A., and the whole field of co-operation and combined action in the event of war.

I was urged in this message to confine my talks to the American chiefs of staff, and on no account to make any reference of my ideas to the President of the United States; it was stated that no ministers knew what was going on.

Talks with Ike

This reply was in the nature of a damper on my activities, but it did not deter me in any way. I discussed the whole matter with Eisenhower as soon as we were alone in his house, where I was going to stay, and told him of my talk in Canada with Mackenzie King. Eisenhower agreed that the time had come to get down to the study and planning of combined action, not only in standardization but in all aspects of defence and preparedness.

He said that, contrary to the information available to the British chiefs of staff, in Washington the secretaries of the army and navy were fully in the picture about what had already been going on below the surface, and he thought it was high time the heads of state were brought in. He did not wish to approach the President himself, but urged me to do so when I saw him at the White House the next day.

I saw the President the next morning; we were alone. I opened the conversation by saying that Eisenhower and I considered the time had come to begin discussions covering the whole field of defence. Seeing at once that I was on very receptive ground, I went on to tell the President of Mackenzie King's approval. I finally said that if the heads of state would merely give their approval the military staffs would get on with the job at once.

The President replied: "That's okay by me—go right ahead."

I had met Mr. Truman before at the Potsdam Conference, but had not talked with him; I was much impressed. He seemed to me to be alert and vigorous and had the great quality of decision. After our talk we went out to the rose garden where the photographers were waiting. He told me about the White House, saying it was in bad repair and needed rebuilding.

I said that perhaps I should apologize for the burning of the house by British troops many years ago, and he replied: "No need for that; as far as I am concerned you can burn it again."

After leaving the White House I went back to Eisenhower and told him of my talk with the President. He was delighted and at once began to arrange for me to meet the American chiefs of staff. He had to be careful and so the meeting was to be represented as a social gathering on board the S.S. Sequoia, during which we were to cruise down the Potomac and have a look at George Washington's house at Mount Vernon.

I reported all these happenings to the British chiefs of staff and asked them to tackle the Prime Minister. I received in reply a second "cold breeze" which showed apprehension and a lack of full appreciation of the earnestness of the Americans to sit round the table with us and discuss these matters.

Premier's telegram

This telegram was followed by one from the Prime Minister; he stated that he fully realized the importance and potential value of the issues being raised, and that while there was no objection to further exchanges of information and of methods of procedure, he asked me to avoid entering into any specific commitments. I replied saying that I fully understood the situation and that, being on a private visit, I had no power to negotiate.

The next day we boarded the Sequoia for our "social gathering" on the Potomac. We reached agreement that discussions should begin as soon as possible and should cover the whole strategic concept of the West in a third world war, together with the best way of handling the business of standardization and combined action.

I asked the American chiefs of staff what value, if any, they attached to Middle East oil; the reply was immediate and unanimous—vital.

A most interesting feature of the meeting was the immediate and favourable reaction of the American chiefs of staff and their appreciation of a direct approach on this subject; they said that they had been hoping and waiting for such an approach for a long time.

That evening I reported the results of the meeting to the British chiefs of staff

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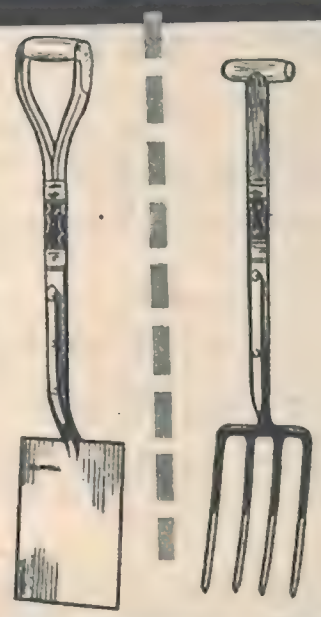

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Montgomery

continued from previous page

and asked that the Prime Minister be informed. In the telegram I said that all further action should now be handled by them. I reckoned I had done my bit, in spite of cold showers from Whitehall!

And so ended a remarkably successful visit—successful beyond my wildest dreams. It was obvious to me from the many telegrams which had passed that I had stepped into the middle of the political stage, and there was apprehension in the Chiefs of Staff Committee, in the War Office, in the Foreign Office and at 10 Downing Street about what I was doing and what I would do next.

The truth was that they, sitting in England, could not catch the same spirit of enthusiastic realism which was to be found in Canada and the U.S.A. They had had to deal with the American politicians for so long on a sticky wicket that they were mentally unprepared to find that it was the Americans who were now wondering when on earth the British would face realities and frankly broach the question of co-operation in all spheres of defence.

One defence policy

The fact remained that within a matter of a few days I had managed to obtain the approval of the heads of state and the chiefs of staffs of Canada, America and the United Kingdom to the opening of military discussions on a wide basis, and this should now lead to the unification of the defence policy and plans of the British Empire and the United States before another war was thrust on us. Indeed, such unity might well prevent such a war.

I left Washington by air for London on the afternoon of September 19. As we flew eastwards I wondered what my reception would be in Whitehall. I didn't fancy that the red carpet would be out; some form of mat, perhaps.

Looking back, I reckon that the seeds of anything I was able to achieve during my two and a half years at the War Office were sown during the first six months. These were months of terrific work, and during them we made definite progress—and, because of my direct methods of tackling problems, I made many mistakes.

I served under three Secretaries of State in succession. The first was Jack Lawson, now Lord Lawson and Lord Lieutenant of Durham. One could not have had a nicer boss. In the autumn of 1946 Lawson was obliged to resign owing to ill health and was succeeded by Fred Bellenger. He also was easy to work with and had possibly a better brain than Lawson. I often used to think he was not very popular with the Cabinet; he got rough-housed by the Prime Minister quite a bit and this had its repercussions on the War Office. But we liked him, and he fought our battles in Parliament with considerable success, at any rate, to begin with.

The third one was Emanuel Shinwell. I would describe him as the best of the three, and this is no reflection on the other two.

Shinwell had a quick and clear brain and his heart was in the right place; he could understand and decide, quickly. Once we had satisfied him that some line of action was essential he would fight for it in the Cabinet and in Parliament. He and I became great friends. I used to tell him that when he was in his chair in the War Office from Monday to Friday he was excellent and just what we wanted as our political chief; I added that he slipped back when he went to his constituency in the week-ends and made political speeches.

Overall, therefore, I was lucky in my political masters at the War Office.

During the war I had commanded military contingents from Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Southern Rhodesia, India and many of the colonies. When the war ended I received invitations from the governments of these countries to visit them. I was delighted, since this would enable me to meet in their home surroundings my former comrades-in-arms and also to discuss future problems on a chiefs of staff level.

I am not so certain that my colleagues among the British chiefs of staff were equally pleased—they were apprehensive of what I might be up to.

But first there was an urgent matter that had to be settled quickly, and that was the problem of a home for myself and my son David.

For the period of my time at the War Office I had taken a flat in Westminster Gardens. But although I am a Londoner by birth, I like the country and everything that goes with it. And so, after due reconnaissance, I found what I wanted in Hampshire—an old mill on the River Wey, Isington Mill.

Once I had established that the main structure was sound, I bought the mill, the meadow in which it stood, and a field or two on either side. The mill itself was full of machinery and nobody had ever lived in it.

"Main" supplies of water, gas and electricity would have to be brought some distance, the electric "grid" being a mile away; whereas the outer shell of the building was intact it needed repair, and the inside would have to be turned into a residence.

I decided to go ahead. One of my friends said: "You are mad." And when one surveyed the scene, there was some justification for his remark. But I had a good architect (Robert Bostock) and a good builder (Mardon Ball of Farnham) and we agreed I was not mad—yet.

Photographs of Isington Mill show what we were able to achieve.

It will be convenient to describe my

THE SCARECROW

Drooping in sorrow above the
brown furrows,
Drenched and dejected;
Brooding on rabbits in warm
earthy burrows
And rats in the barn;

While the rain seeps his gentle-
man's hat till it grieves
On his skeleton shoulders,
And heavy drops fall from
his substanceless sleeves
That stretch out everlastingly.

Wretched he looks in the rain,
who could fear him—
Draggled and dumb?
Not the old crow: he flies
limpingly near him
Croaking profanely.

M. EVANS

other main overseas tours in the order in which they were carried out.

At the Potsdam Conference in July, 1945, I had got to know Marshal Stalin, and he had invited me to visit him in Moscow at some future date. The Prime Minister (Churchill) had agreed. Later, when I left Germany in May, 1946, General Sokolovsky said that Stalin had been inquiring when I was going to visit him. I informed the Foreign Office; they replied on September 25, 1946, to the effect that Anglo-Soviet relations had so deteriorated that they doubted whether the invitation was still valid.

However, I decided, with the approval of the Prime Minister (Mr. Attlee) and the Foreign Secretary (Mr. Ernest Bevin) that I might possibly be able to improve this state of affairs if I could get myself invited to Moscow. I planted the "birdseed," curiously enough, when I was in New York. I also sent a copy of my book *Normandy To The Baltic* to Marshal Vassilievsky, Chief of Staff of the armed forces of Russia. In due course the invitation was received. . . .

I arrived in Moscow on January 6, 1947, in an R.A.F. York aircraft. Marshal Vassilievsky headed an ugly

IDLENESS—2

The ruin of most men dates from some idle moment.

G. S. Hillard

rush of marshals, photographers and newspaper correspondents towards the aircraft and with some difficulty I made my way to the guard of honour. The airfield was decorated with Union Jacks and the Red Flag, and the whole atmosphere was most friendly. That evening I had a long talk with Vassilievsky during which we discussed the programme for my stay in Moscow.

Every day there was a lunch party, and a banquet at night; these were tremendous affairs of never less than twelve courses, with speeches between every course.

I found the long meals and rich food rather trying. But I soon discovered that there was no need to eat any of the food unless you wished. On the other hand, it was necessary to be served with every course, since to refuse would be regarded as an insult; after an interval your plate would be removed whether you had eaten what was on it or not.

In my speeches at these meals, I used to praise the Russian Army for their great feats and the people for their stoical endurance of many hardships. I said that nations which had fought together for so many years against aggression should not become irritated with each other if there were misunderstandings and delays in framing the conditions for a long period of peace.

The highlight of my visit was the talk I had with Stalin, which took place in his office at the Kremlin at 5 p.m. on January 10, the last day of my stay in Moscow.

Whisky for Stalin

I began by presenting to Stalin a case of whisky, and a copy of each of my two books: *Alamein To The River Sangro* (Eighth Army) and *Normandy To The Baltic* (21 Army Group). He thanked me with great warmth and said, with a twinkle in his eye: "You bring me these presents; what do you want of me?"

I replied that I wanted nothing tangible but would like his help in a matter which I would explain. We were alone, except for two interpreters —his and mine.

I said that in order to get the best results from the British and American armies during the war, we had become very closely linked together; we had used each other's schools and equipment; we had integrated our two armies to a great degree and a close comradeship had grown up between us. Stalin said he quite understood this and he realized that such an integration and comradeship was very natural because as soldiers we spoke the same language.

When peace came, I continued, we had automatically continued our close relations with the American Army; some warm friendships had grown up between our officers during the war, from Eisenhower and myself right down the chain of command to the individual man in the ranks. I felt that this was good.

When the war ended, we soldiers were somewhat inclined to sit back and let the politicians struggle alone with the problem of winning a good peace; and indeed we were apt to laugh at the politicians for not making quicker progress at the various peace conferences.

We fighting men might well be able to help in the matter of getting a good peace. Our contribution must not be a political one. But I felt that we could help our politicians greatly by establishing friendly relations between our respective armies; this would help to produce mutual confidence and goodwill, and thus would tend to eliminate suspicion and mistrust. Stalin said he agreed completely.

I went on to say that I had been told everything I wanted to know and I had seen everything I wanted to see—including the new Russian tank (which no foreigner had ever been allowed to examine before). And above all, I had met all the marshals of the Soviet Union, and had made many friends. I wanted him to know this; and I wanted to thank him.

I then said that this was only the beginning of what I wanted to achieve. A close link and real comradeship between our armies would not be easy, as we lived so many miles away from each other and we spoke different languages. Both sides would have to make a real effort. We British would make the effort; the Russian Army must do the same, and this was where I wanted his help. The Russian Army must now visit the British Army in England. I had invited Marshal Vassilievsky to come to England in June and to bring with him Marshal Koniev (C.-in-C. Land Armies) and Marshal Rybaltko (C.-in-C. Armoured Forces). Stalin said he had given his approval to this visit.

I added that the next step would be to have an exchange of officers at our various military schools. What had he to say to this?

Alliance questioned

Stalin said he was much interested in my scheme. But he considered that the time had not yet come for an interchange of officers; such action might be misunderstood in political circles and he might be blackguarded in the world press for being a warmonger. What did I think of that?

I replied that I understood his point of view but did not agree. I said that I personally always did what I thought was right and did not care in the least what anybody thought or said about it.

Stalin said he realized we had a close tie-up with the Americans in the matter of military talks about the conduct of war and of training; he also understood that we had a definite plan for standardization of weapons and equipment. He did not see how we could do these things unless we had a definite military alliance or agreement with the United States. He added that he wished to make it quite clear that he did not in the least object to any such alliance, provided it was not directed against the Soviet Union. He assumed that there was such an alliance or agreement. Would I care to say anything on this matter?

I said he had mentioned "standardization" and I would deal with that first.

During the war our officers had attended each other's schools and had got to know and like certain types of weapons and equipment; this had led to a demand for certain types of equipment, each from the other. Indeed, in the very early days of the war, while Russia was a neutral, we had had to borrow a good deal of American equipment as we had lost so much ourselves at Dunkirk.

As the war progressed we often used each other's equipment. When the war ended we began to consider the equipment of our postwar army and decided we would adopt certain American weapons that we liked—making them in our own factories in England and

PICTURE GUIDE
by ROGER SMITHELLS

Dining at a pinch

Eating in a small space presents no problem with well-planned furniture. Take a look at these good-looking and space-saving dining aids

This Ercol serving cabinet, made in solid elm with beech base is polished throughout, so that it can be used as a room divider or stand against a wall. Storage space for china and linen, and a strong flap for carving. About £37 15s.

The Fyne Ladye trolley table has a capacious drawer to hold everything you need for dinner by the fire. The top tray is removable and reverses to ivory Formica. 23 in. high, finished in walnut, mahogany or oak, it costs £13 13s. 6d.

A practical kitchen wall unit from branches of William Perring. The top shelf has sliding doors of decorative glass. The front opens to form a flap table for snacks or food preparation. In wood with enamel finish, about £11

A versatile flap table which converts any room into a part-time dining-room. With flaps down it takes up little space, fully extended, it seats four. The drawer will hold table linen and cutlery. It is available in oak or mahogany, price £18 16s., or in walnut, price £20 10s. Made by Fyne Ladye Furniture, this adaptable table also makes an elegant desk or dressing table

The Besway standard table wagon, shown here as table and trolley, opens out into a really satisfactory dining table, with a large table top and knee room underneath. The swinging mechanism is balanced so that you can convert it from trolley to table and back again without having to remove the plates and dishes on it. The table wagon is made in three sizes, and a wide range of different woods. It is also available with table surfaces of laminated plastic chosen to blend with your colour scheme. The price range is from about £15 18s. 6d. to £22 7s. 6d.

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That's what you may think. But do you *really* know the symptoms of constipation? Read this quiz below, and you'll find out.

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Headaches	☐
Poor Complexion	☐
Lassitude	☐

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Montgomery

continued from previous page

altering them as necessary to suit our British ways and methods.

That was all there was in this matter of standardization. But it had been taken up by the press of certain nations and tossed about the world as if there was something sinister about it; there was nothing sinister about it; it was all just a natural outcome of a very close integration in war. I said I would be delighted to have a similar arrangement with the Soviet Army, each examining each other's equipment and each adopting in his own army anything he liked. Was this now clear?

Stalin said it was now clear and he was glad I had explained it to him.

Next I dealt with alliances.

Any military alliance between two countries was a political matter and could not be concluded by soldiers. I was the professional head of the British Army and it would be quite impossible for any military alliance to be made between Britain and America without my knowledge. I wished to assure him that there existed between Britain and America, or between Britain and any other country, *no* military alliance, *no* military agreement and *no* sinister plan for the standardization of weapons and equipment. I hoped he would believe me.

'I do believe you'

Stalin looked me straight in the face and said with great earnestness: "I do believe you, absolutely." He turned to his interpreter, and said: "Tell the Field-Marshal again that I believe him."

I said that he had talked a good deal about military alliances, and had said he had no objection to an alliance between Britain and America provided it was not directed against Russia. I would now like to ask him a question: "Did he think there should be a military alliance between Britain and Russia?"

He said at once: "That is what I would like, and I think it is essential."

I returned to the Kremlin at 8 p.m. for dinner. Among the thirty or so at dinner were: Molotov, Vyshinsky, Bulganin, Voroshilov, Marshal Vassilievsky and some seven other marshals of the Soviet Union, a number of Russian generals, the British Ambassador and Mr. (now Sir) Frank Roberts.

Conversation was very restrained to begin with and it was clear that the marshals, ministers (including Molotov and Vyshinsky) and generals were all in the greatest awe of Stalin and shut up like an oyster in his presence.

I sat on Stalin's right, Molotov sat opposite Stalin, with the British Ambassador on his right. Bulganin sat on the left of Molotov and next to Vyshinsky.

Molotov ragged

In the somewhat frigid atmosphere that existed at the table I felt I would have to make a real effort to open up the battle and get some *joie de vivre* going. So I decided to rag Molotov. I asked him about his life in New York and made him describe a typical day.

I said it was obvious that he spent the mornings planning how to outflank his opponents in the afternoons; he spent the afternoons in developing his outflanking movements; and he spent the evenings in dancing and drinking. Obviously the politicians did no work.

This promised very badly for the Moscow Conference in March, 1947; nothing would be accomplished, except to decide to have some more conferences; would he give me the programme of conferences for the next two years.

Stalin enjoyed all this hugely. He joined in with great keenness, taking my side; he talked about "we soldiers" as against "you politicians," and obviously liked to be considered a soldier. He ragged the politicians with great enjoyment.

I urged him on and said some dreadful things about politicians, for which I hope I may be forgiven. Stalin said I ought to join with him; between us we would defeat any combination of civilian politicians.

I said I was a soldier only. He said that he welcomed the present world tendency for soldiers to take over the direction of affairs and become ambassadors, etc. He was delighted that General Marshall had become the American Secretary of State. He said that soldiers of experience made very good soldier politicians, because they were much more sensible than civilian politicians.

I said I would give him my views on this matter privately, when no one else was about!

Hand of friendship

In this way we passed a very pleasant evening. There were no formal speeches. Molotov proposed all the toasts, about seven, including "The King." He made no speech with any toast; he merely got up and said we would now drink a certain toast.

After dinner we retired to an anteroom where we sat at small tables for coffee. I now asked Stalin if I could make a speech, and he called for silence.

In my speech I referred to the great war effort of Russia. We British would never forget what Russia went through; she had suffered more severely than any other nation.

I referred to the need for happy relations in peace between armies, and thanked the Generalissimo and his marshals for the very friendly reception I had been given in Moscow. As professional head of the British Army I extended the right hand of friendship to the Soviet Army and to its great Generalissimo. I then advanced with outstretched hand to Stalin and we shook hands warmly.

Earlier in the day I had been presented by Marshal Vassilievsky and the Soviet Army with the full-dress overcoat and hat of a Marshal of the Soviet Union. After my speech I told Stalin that I would like to put on my coat and hat and, dressed as a Russian marshal, salute the Generalissimo.

He was delighted and said we must both be photographed. So I dressed as a Russian marshal and was photographed with him.

Stalin was an interesting personality. He had a keen sense of humour, was a good host and was courteous to his guests. I noticed that he was abstemious both with food and drink, and gave the impression that he was dieting; he was a chain cigarette smoker.

He showed his age, about sixty-eight or seventy, I thought; he seemed to have shrunk in size and was thinner since I had last seen him in Potsdam in July, 1945, and was not so firm on his legs. At dinner he talked little, but he opened up readily if you made the running.

The difficulty of language was overcome by each of us having his own interpreter; Stalin could not speak French nor any other European language.

From what I saw and heard I gained the definite impression that Russia was in a poor state. Very great destruction had been caused by the German invasion of Russia. Moscow was a drab city; it had been built for a population of 800,000 and the total inhabitants in January, 1947, numbered seven million; the people looked depressed and miserable. I was told that the whole nation was tired.

All in all, I reckoned that Russia was quite unfit to take part in a world war against a strong combination of allied nations, and that she knew this very well. She needed a long period of peace in which to recover.

I reckoned then that it would be fifteen to twenty years before Russia would be in a position to fight a major war with a good chance of success. She would go as far as she could to get what she wanted, and if opposed only by weakness would be prepared to go a long way—short of actual war. If always opposed by strength, or by apparent strength with robust methods, she would pull in her horns very quickly—owing to her fear of war and her knowledge that she was not fit for it.

I reported accordingly to the British Government and the chiefs of staff.

No account of my time as C.I.G.S. would be complete without mention of the troubles in which I became involved over the Palestine problem.

A political decision was needed in Palestine. What that decision should have been was not my business. But infirmity of purpose in Whitehall, and the lack of a clear political policy, resulted in the death of many young British soldiers; it was against these things that I fought.

"And, well, to cut a long story short . . ."

Palestine terror

There is much to be learned from a study of how the problem was handled by the Labour Government of that day—chiefly how *not* to handle such matters.

Since my visit to the Eastern Mediterranean in June, 1946, Dempsey had succeeded Paget as C.-in-C. Middle East; Barker was still in command of the troops in Palestine. The general situation in that country had deteriorated. Troops were going about armed and stringent precautions were being taken to protect men and buildings against terrorist attacks.

Towards the end of October, 1946, the Colonial Secretary (Creech Jones) came to the conclusion that if we released from detention the leaders of the terrorist campaign whom we had arrested, and "laid off" further searches for arms, a better atmosphere would be created. As a result of this concession more and more restrictions were placed upon the troops in Palestine regarding their activities in the maintenance of law and order. Meanwhile, British soldiers and British members of the Palestine Police continued to be killed and wounded.

I became exasperated at this state of affairs. I had arranged to fly to Palestine on November 28, 1946, and I "faced up" to the Prime Minister on the subject before my departure. I challenged the existing policy in Palestine, from the point of view of the right use of the army. A large army of 100,000 men was being maintained in Palestine; it was suffering casualties at the average rate of two per day and was not allowed to take appropriate action against its assailants. The only way the army could stamp out terrorism was to take the offensive against it, and this was not allowed. We had, in fact, surrendered the initiative to the terrorists.

The Colonial Secretary seemed to think that this did not matter. He kept saying there was a real desire on the

part of the Jewish Agency to stamp out terrorism. I finally said that if we were not prepared to maintain law and order in Palestine, it would be better to get out. I could not agree to a lot of British lads being killed needlessly.

This statement sparked off the devil of a row, and the Prime Minister called for an early report on the matter. I then left for Palestine.

The more I examined the situation in Palestine during that visit, the less I liked it. A good example of what was going on occurred when I was actually in Jerusalem.

At 6.30 p.m. one night a police station was attacked by armed Jews, who had laid mines in certain streets to cordon off the area. The attack was repulsed; troops arrived and picked up the mines; normal life was then resumed. A conference was held *the next morning* to decide whether to search the area in which the outrage had taken place.

Dinner cancelled

If the matter had been properly handled, mobile columns of troops would have been on the scene within ten minutes and few of the terrorists would have escaped. The only firm and quick decision taken in Jerusalem that night was to cancel a dinner-party at Government House because the mines in the streets prevented the guests from getting there!

I reported my views on the situation by cable to Whitehall, saying that "the whole business of dealing with illegal armed organizations in Palestine is being tackled in a way which is completely gutless, thoroughly unsound, and which will not produce any good results."

The gloves were now off and all got ready for a showdown between the War Office and the Colonial Office. The Prime Minister decided to referee the contest and ordered (in Whitehall parlance "invited") both ministries to prepare a joint paper expressing their views on the situation, with particular reference to the use of the armed forces.

The paper finally produced expressed in Part I the views of the Colonial Office and in Part II those of the War Office—the two views being in direct conflict. The Prime Minister came down heavily on my side, and the Colonial Secretary was routed. The upshot was that the Colonial Office was instructed, in consultation with the War Office, to draw up a new directive to the High Commissioner in Palestine.

To my intense surprise, as we left the meeting the Colonial Secretary asked me to draft the new directive—which I did. It ran as follows:

"1. His Majesty's Government has decided that further efforts will be made to stop lawlessness and terrorism.

"2. They have also decided that all possible steps will be taken at once to establish and maintain law and order in Palestine, using the police and military forces at your disposal as may be necessary.

"3. There can, of course, be no question of taking reprisals, which would merely bear hardly on innocent people. Apart from this, the efforts of police and troops should be designed to take the offensive against breakers of the law and to ensure that the initiative lies with the forces of the Crown.

"4. Such action as you take to implement the policy outlined in paragraphs 2 and 3 above will receive the full support of His Majesty's Government."

The directive was accepted and was sent to the High Commissioner.

The next event of note was the kidnapping on January 26, 1947, of an ex-army officer and a British judge. The High Commissioner immediately announced that if these two citizens were not returned within forty-eight hours, military administration would be established in certain areas.

This fairly got my goat, and I wrote to the Colonial Secretary pointing out that to give such notice to the enemy would merely enable him to make his

"Fancy you fighting with Field-Marshal Montgomery. What did you quarrel about?"

plans. I repeated that it was action of this sort which had led us into the existing unpleasantness.

On January 30 I sent a hot telegram to Dempsey in the same vein; emphasizing in particular that the new directive by itself was useless; success depended on the way in which it was carried out. I added that what was needed in Palestine was a firm policy, but that I had not seen one since I had been C.I.G.S.

I ended the telegram by saying that we must try and inculcate a strong willpower in Palestine and in Whitehall, and firm determination that we would not tolerate insults to the British rule from a lot of gangsters; I would do my best in London and he must do what he could his end.

I now committed a grave tactical error—I sent a copy of the telegram to the Colonial Secretary, and it very soon reached the Prime Minister.

It was not well received and I expected a kick in the pants; but, in fact, Mr. Attlee was very decent about it. I was summoned to No. 10 the next morning and told that if my views became generally known considerable embarrassment would be caused to the government; this might lead to a critical situation in the debate on Palestine in the House of Commons which was to take place shortly.

The Prime Minister then said he would be obliged if I would withdraw the telegram in case it was seen by eyes other than those of Dempsey. I, of course, complied at once and told Dempsey to cancel the telegram, and destroy all copies. But, no doubt, it had been seen by many eyes already!

When the struggle in Palestine was at its height, attacks on persons and buildings were made by various illegal organizations. One organization, called the Stern Gang, even sent a party to Europe and it had succeeded in blowing up the British Embassy in Rome.

Since it was considered that I might be a target for Jewish attack, a policeman was posted outside my flat in No. 7 Westminster Gardens; and whenever I went to Hindhead for a weekend with the Reynolds family, a policeman from Haslemere was sent to watch the house. Personally, I did not think police protection was necessary. However, one day my A.D.C., answering the telephone in my office, heard a voice at the other end say: "Is that the War Office? This is the Stern Gang speaking."

He replied: "Good. What can I do for you?"

The voice said: "Tonight, for the Field-Marshal, a bomb."

My A.D.C. said: "Thank you. I will let him know."

The voice: "Are you trying to be funny?"

The A.D.C. said: "No. I thought you were."

The voice: "Did you? Then there will be a bomb for you, too." After which parting shot it rang off.

No bombs arrived that night, or later.

I must now relate the story of my row with Ernie Bevin. I had an enormous respect, admiration and liking for that very great man, but we had a proper showdown as the Palestine situation moved to a close.

On April 22, 1948, a flood of press reports came during the day describing heavy fighting in Haifa where, it was said, a massacre of Arabs was taking place. At 7.30 p.m. that night, just as I was leaving my flat for the Mansion House to deliver a speech in support of the Army Cadet Force, I was sent for by the Prime Minister.

At No. 10 were also Ernie Bevin and the Minister of Defence (Mr. A. V. Alexander).

The P.M. opened the ball by asking if I had read the newspaper reports about the fighting in Haifa. I replied that I had, but that I did not believe all I read in the papers; I relied on reports from the generals, and I had received none.

At this, Ernie became very worked up; he said 23,000 Arabs had been killed and the situation was catastrophic; he demanded to know what I was going to do about it. I said that as the War Office had received no reports, it was clear to me that he must be greatly exaggerating the situation in Haifa. I added that the first thing to do was to get an accurate report, and that until we had it it was useless discussing the matter further.

Bevin's outburst

I then went to the War Office and set in motion the machinery to obtain the report. I was, of course, somewhat late at the Mansion House.

At 9 a.m. the next morning I went again to No. 10. Ernie Bevin was even more agitated than he had been the night before. He said that the army should have stopped any nonsense in Haifa and that the massacre of the Arabs had put him in an impossible position with all the Arab States. I replied that all reports received up to date went to show that the whole affair was grossly exaggerated, and at no time had the situation got out of hand.

Ernie then blew up, and concluded his outburst by saying he had been "let down by the army." I got very angry and said that he would have to withdraw the insult.

I at once reported the incident to my colleagues on the Chiefs of Staff Committee, informed the Secretary of State for War and cabled the C.-in-C. Middle East. A few days later I went to see the Minister of Defence and asked if the Foreign Secretary had withdrawn his insult to the army.

Mr. Alexander pooh-poohed the whole thing; he said there was no need to worry as the remark had not been made in public. I replied that the whole army now knew about it. He angrily said that I should not have passed it on.

I then went right off the deep end. I said that the army had not forgotten Mr. Bevin's previous statement that he staked his political reputation on the successful solution of the Palestine problem. He had consistently refused to listen to the army's views, he had been led down the garden path by the Colonial Secretary and the High Commissioner, he had made a proper mess of the whole business, and was now trying to make the army the scapegoat.

I was not going to put up with this. Either the Foreign Secretary stood by his remark or he did not. He (Alexander) must find out. If they wanted to sack me it would be O.K. by me; I could say a jug-full in the House of Lords about the government's handling of the Palestine situation since I had been C.I.G.S.

This fairly put the cat among the pigeons. No more was said. I decided to maintain the pressure.

The next morning, May 3, I wrote Mr. Alexander the following note:

"On April 23 last Mr. Bevin, the Foreign Secretary, stated that he had been 'let down by the army in Palestine.' You will doubtless remember the incident since you were present at the time, though you did not intervene to refute the statement.

"Will you please ascertain from Mr. Bevin, and let me know if this statement still stands or not?"

Full of fun again

I was invited to attend a meeting at No. 10, at 5.15 p.m. on May 7, with the Prime Minister, Foreign Secretary and Minister of Defence. I duly arrived at the meeting and found a fourth person there — Sir Norman Brook, Secretary to the Cabinet, complete with pencil and pad.

Attlee began by asking Ernie Bevin to make a speech. He was his old self again by now, full of fun, and we had always been very good friends. He said it was a new experience to be hauled over the coals in the Cabinet room; he had nothing against the soldiers, who were all doing their best.

Attlee then intervened to say that many things were said in the Cabinet room compared with which the matter then under discussion was insignificant. He was sure that my anger, roused in the heat of the moment by an unfortunate remark, would be forgotten just as soon as the remark itself.

Ernie said: "'Ear, 'ear." We all then laughed. Attlee handled the situation beautifully; and it was impossible to be angry with Ernie Bevin for long.

But all was not yet finished. Mr. Alexander piped up and produced from his pocket the letter I had sent him on May 3; he read it out in a threatening tone and asked what I meant by the phrase "you did not intervene to refute the statement." I replied that I meant exactly what I had written.

But the Prime Minister had had enough; he intervened and changed the subject.

I have often wondered what Sir Norman Brook wrote on his pad about that meeting!

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NEXT WEEK: My bitter battles with the Minister of Defence

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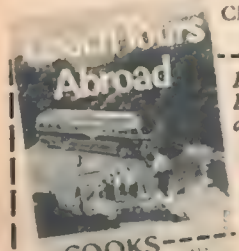

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Getting Away

At Ascona, on Lake Maggiore, life carries on almost unchanged. Here, tourists will find scenery and plenty of sun

Home from home in a mountain wonderland

by ELIZABETH NICHOLAS

NOWHERE else in the world do so many British visitors feel themselves at home as in Switzerland. In fact the British might, with some justice, claim to have discovered Switzerland, so far as its merits for holidays are concerned. They introduced the Swiss to the sport of ski-ing.

Switzerland can therefore be recommended to the novice traveller with complete confidence. You will never—well, hardly ever—be stuck for want of the local language, be it French or German, for someone is sure to pop up who speaks excellent English.

Hoteliers, whose families have for generations past welcomed British visitors, know precisely what pleased them, from a cup of tea at dawn to a nightcap of whisky.

Switzerland knows virtually no "off season"; hardly has summer ended than the snows fall, and the winter ski-ing season begins.

In September and October, if autumn is kind, you will find marvellous walking in the regions that lie close to the French frontier, and I specially recommend the glorious little town of Murten as a centre.

Incidentally, at high level, the sun can burn furiously by day; protect your face with cream if you are going to walk in sun and, maybe, wind. At night it is cold so take suitable woollies to slip on in the evening. On a mountain top you will eat like a horse and sleep like the dead. And by day you'll probably feel more alive than ever before in your life.

Mountain warning

For walkers—and if you have no experience of mountains take expert local advice before setting out—I recommend the Valais, the region south of the Rhône, running down to Italy. St. Luc is a glorious spot, with a charming hotel; so are the other villages in the adjoining valleys.

For sun-lovers and swimmers, I suggest Ticino, and the Swiss shores of Lake Maggiore.

The lakeside towns — Lausanne, Lucerne and Interlaken among the best-known—are beautiful but crowded in summer. I infinitely prefer a small mountain village.

At any time of summer, outside July or August, the best possible holiday in Switzerland is simply to wander at will with the admirable Swiss railway and post-bus guide in one pocket, the hotel guide in another. Inquire from the Swiss National Tourist Office, 458 Strand, London, W.C.2, about circular tourist tickets before you go.

These general remarks about Switzerland are true of Austria too, though in that country there is a certain agreeable waywardness that is missing from the Swiss scene; buses and trains do not run quite so much like clockwork. But what they lack in precision they make up in charm.

Amazingly cheap

Austria is also comparatively cheap and, as such, a boon to those who count their pennies. Agents offer amazingly inexpensive holidays there, and if you can scrape up £25 there is no reason why you should not be yodelling in the Tyrol this summer.

The lakes of Carinthia take some beating, while Vienna cannot be beaten at all. Innsbruck and Salzburg are indeed, glorious towns, but Vienna has something unique, a lingering atmosphere of another world.

Germany is not so cheap, and it is rather a mystery to me how agents offer such very economical holidays there. But no matter how this is achieved, the figures speak for themselves. For very little money you can drink wine by the Rhine, walk through the Black Forest or laze on the shores of Lake Constance.

Constance is a splendid centre, too, for the energetic. From it you can make day excursions into Austria, Italy and Switzerland, returning with riches in the form of presents to take home.

Another ideal holiday is to voyage down the Rhine by steamer. If you do not mind dormitory accommodation, a Rhine journey comes into the real bargain category. You can go the whole length of the river as far as Basle and come back, travel in one direction only, or by stages. For July and August, very early booking is essential.

A last suggestion: Berlin, for those who are seekers of the unusual, the stimulating, the strange experiences of life. If you want to give your brain something on which to chew during the long winter months that follow summer, Berlin should provide you with plenty of grist.

THE END

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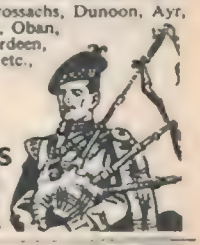

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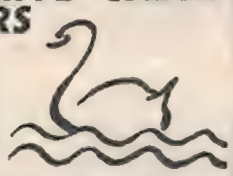

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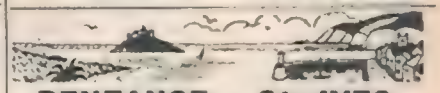

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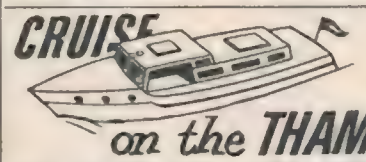

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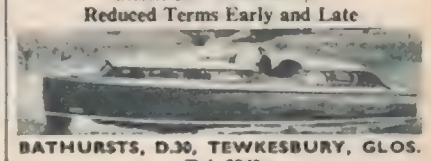

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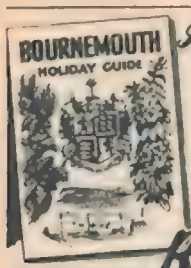

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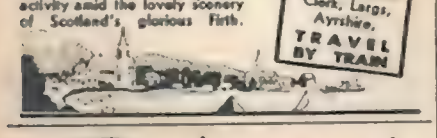

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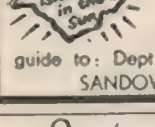

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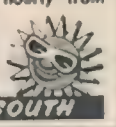

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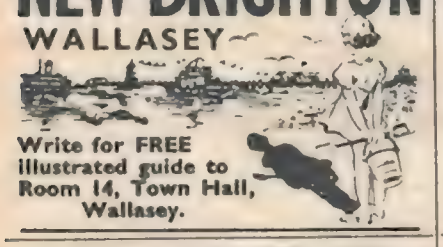

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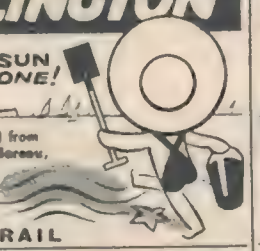

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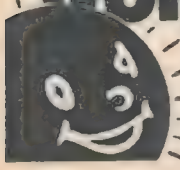

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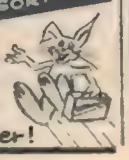

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Cone of silence

continued from page 8

thank you." His voice had slowed to a drawl. "I am obliged."

As Hugh Dallas left the courtroom he almost collided with a girl standing just outside the door. She was carrying a notebook and pencil. A newspaperwoman—but a pretty one, he thought.

"Has Captain Gort finished his evidence?" Her voice was husky.

"Yes . . . but he's not been released."

"Oh." She turned to walk away.

"If you like we'll have a cup of tea together . . . and I'll tell you about it."

She hesitated. "Well . . . I'd like to hear what happened."

"Naturally," Dallas said gravely.

He and the girl walked side by side. The cafeteria was empty apart from a girl behind the counter.

The delivery of the tea and cakes to their chosen table took Dallas two journeys. When he finally sat down he said: "Pretty awful, I'm afraid."

"Not too bad," she said, stirring her tea. "Tell me about the inquiry."

For a moment he frowned. "Oh yes. . . . Well, of course, it's going the way everyone expects it to go."

"And what way's that?"

These newspaperwomen, Dallas thought. She would be opening her notebook any minute now.

"There is a small charge for inside information," he said. "*Inside* information. I'm the International Airways training captain."

"Oh, I see." Her green eyes were very slightly mocking. "An expert?"

"An expert."

"Then you must be the expert who gave Captain Gort his training on Phoenixes . . . Captain Dallas, isn't that your name?"

"Good girl!" Dallas nodded his head approvingly. At least she'd got her facts right, and these days so few of them did. "Now this small charge is simply that you'll dine with me."

"All right."

"If you'll tell me your name and where you live I can pick you up any night except——"

"It was sad about the First Officer."

"Lambourne? Yes . . . nice chap. Thank God there weren't any more!"

"It must have needed great skill on Captain Gort's part."

"Well——" He gave her a small sideways knowledgeable smile.

She did not seem to notice it: "You were going to tell me why it crashed."

Somewhat irritated, Dallas said: "Since you know the case so well, I'm surprised *you* don't tell *me*."

"It was the aircraft, wasn't it? Didn't the engines——?"

The effect on the girl of one short shake of his head was surprisingly satisfactory. He smiled. Now she seemed quite anxious, looking up at him with proper respect, waiting for the facts that she couldn't get elsewhere.

Dallas said: "Since you missed the most important part today . . . I'll give you the thing in a nutshell: Pilot error."

"Oh, no! You're wrong!" The words came out almost breathlessly. "I'm sure it wasn't pilot error."

Nettled, Dallas said: "Are you? Then what was it?"

"It was the Phoenix."

He leaned right back in his chair and put his hands in his pockets. The back of his neck had gone slightly red. He said slowly: "You know . . . that was a very unwise remark."

"What about your remark on pilot error?"

"I happen to know what I'm talking about."

"If it's so obvious . . . I wonder they bother to have an inquiry."

"You should have been in court this afternoon . . . then you'd have wondered even more!" Dallas was suddenly beyond controlling the irritation that he felt against the ignorance of this unknown newspaperwoman. "Gort got himself into an excessively nose-high position before he'd got flying speed . . . no question about it. That's why he didn't get the Phoenix to unstick."

"I know it wasn't his fault."

Dallas said: "Victor Foxtrot broke her back, but they got all the pieces. They tested everything. Nothing wrong with the aircraft anywhere."

"Of course there was something wrong with the aircraft!"

He could see she was extremely angry. For some reason her hands were quivering. Puzzled, Dallas said: "I don't know what it's got to do with you. I don't see why you should get so worked up in defence of Gort. I feel sorry for the old chap, but——"

"You needn't feel sorry for him. I don't."

"Then what on earth's all this——"

"He's my father . . . that's why!" She had got up now, taken her notebook in her still trembling hands. "I'd have told you earlier if you hadn't been so busy, giving me all the answers."

Embarrassed, lost for words, Dallas jumped up, too. "I'm terribly sorry. For some reason . . . the notebook, I think . . . I took you for a reporter."

"No shorthand in this book." She opened it. He saw names and times. "Sorry to disappoint you, but I'm just a doctor's secretary."

They stood facing each other. Then, suddenly, through the glass door, Dallas caught sight of Gort's burly figure passing in the corridor. The girl saw it, too. Without saying goodbye, just as though he wasn't there at all, she started to walk away.

He followed her, trying to think of something to do or say. He was too late to open the door for her. She was gone before she could possibly have heard his explanation: "I mean—look, if I'd known. . . ."

She called down the corridor at the square, blue back. "Hey, what's all the hurry?"

Gort stopped and turned. "Charlotte," he said.

"I got off early. I thought we might go home together." She came up and put her arm through his. "They wouldn't let me in. So I was just having a cup of tea in the cafeteria."

They walked down the steps together. Gort signalled a taxi. "Quiggan Square," he said, getting in after her.

As the taxi slid through the stifling streets, Charlotte glanced at him sideways, seeing the worry on his face. Once, soundlessly, his lips formed a few words. He lifted his hand with a gesture almost of despair.

"I didn't do it," he said. "I did not break their blasted plane."

Charlotte was pierced with an agony of tenderness. She took his hand and squeezed it hard. "I know, Father," she said. "I know."

• • •

The inquiry dragged on for another week, hearing the evidence of experts and technicians—among them Nigel Pickering, Atlas Aviation's chief designer and the man who, four years ago, had conceived the Phoenix.

As a poet believes in his poem, Nigel Pickering believed in the Phoenix. He was ferociously proud and possessive of it, resentful of the slightest inference that there could be a fault in the aircraft. He made that clear to the Commissioner and his assessors.

For Charlotte it was a difficult week. As often as she could she went to meet her father from the inquiry. Thinking he wouldn't want to be alone—for she had worried that since her mother died he had few friends to talk to—she tried to stay at home in the evenings to keep him company. But he just sat quietly reading, hardly saying anything at all.

IDLENESS—4

If idleness does not produce vice or malevolence, it commonly produces melancholy.

Sydney Smith

Once or twice he did seem on the point of telling her something important, confidential—he seemed to be choosing his words so carefully and with such difficulty—and she would look down, terrified that she would hear him say, *It was my fault, Charlotte.* But it was always some small suggestion about the housekeeping. Their way of life, the address in Quiggan Square, were not easily maintained on a limited income.

One evening she said: "I'm glad you're not worrying about the results of the inquiry, Father."

"The results? Why should I worry? I did my damnedest to get that aircraft up. Nobody could have done any better."

"Good." She felt relieved. "I'm off to bed. Good night, Father."

"Good night, Charlotte."

"You'll go to bed, too, won't you?"

"Yes . . . of course. I'll just finish that book you brought me last week."

"But you finished it yesterday."

He said nothing for a moment. Then he smiled. "Oh yes . . . so I did."

She stood in the open doorway, scanning his face with concern. "Father . . . are you sleeping all right?"

"Oh yes. It's just——" He suddenly looked away from her. "It's Lambourne, Charlotte. Odd thing, but I dream about him. Not in the crash, or anything like that. Just his face, that's all." He hesitated. "I think, Charlotte . . . I think I'll stay up a little longer, anyway."

Two days later the results of the inquiry were published. Its finding, as Hugh Dallas had predicted, was that Victor Foxtrot had crashed because of pilot error. . . .

Time was chimed by flowers in the superintendent's office of International Airways (British Division) at London Airport. Snowdrops in January, crocuses in February, daffodils in March. April was brilliant with tulips. Then came Canterbury Bells, sweet-william, roses, asters, dahlias—the year sped colourfully onwards. Manningham cut them twice a week from his Buckinghamshire home.

Those flowers, Hugh Dallas thought, as he sat on the edge of the desk, watching Manningham arranging pinks in two vases by the window, struck a wrong note in such an office. One of those modernistic sculptures—all steel and string—would have looked better.

As Manningham fixed the last flower, Dallas heard the tin voice of the Tannoy announcer: *Passengers are now boarding the Phoenix Flight 518, Super-Express to Singapore.*

"Dead on schedule again," Dallas said. "Who's taking it?"

"Judd."

Dallas eased himself off the desk and joined Manningham by the window. He saw under that great glass galleon of a control tower all the silent aircraft waiting, the silver and white shapes of the long fuselages, the variety of tails, wings, snub noses, sharp noses, their leading edges all crossed with propellers except for the Phoenix, which stood in the centre — unique, brand new, the biggest and the prettiest.

"Going out to make arrangements for the extension of the route to Sydney . . . is he?"

"That's right. Creighton's bringing the Service back from Singapore."

"Looks like a full load."

Manningham nodded. "Full loads everywhere these days . . . except at Ranjibad." He paused for a moment. Then he said: "There's Judd now."

Judd, the flight captain, was a long, black shadow slanting over the grey tarmac and attached to it, seemingly part of it. A brief-case in the left hand. The walk precise. The Company Station Commandant, in his best uniform, wearing his gloves, pursued rather than accompanied him.

Ground crew members lined up beside the aircraft as the figure approached. Even the traffic girl stood stiffly to attention. The flight captain seemed to be inspecting them all. He stopped, called something out, beckoned to one of the men, shouted something, pointed; while the others, straighter than ever, watched and waited.

"Judd on the job." A small, rather weary smile came over Manningham's lips—fleeting, the sort of smile that nobody sees.

Judd continued to the steps, where a waiting operations officer saluted. Laconically, Judd saluted back.

He climbed. The door slammed behind him. The steps were wheeled away. Within a minute a whining started. Great puffs of grey-blue smoke blew out of the engines as the jets were lit up, one after the other.

On the stroke of ten the chocks were pulled away. The noise increased. It surged up and down. It wailed higher

"We didn't get a go at all. Daddy broke all the ice"

"Cone Of Silence," by David Beaty, will be published as a novel on January 26 by Secker & Warburg. Price 16s.

still, as the Phoenix moved forward.

Turning from the window, Dallas walked away, to sit this time in the plain oak chair in front of the superintendent's desk. But Manningham still stood where he was, staring out.

A whine that grew louder and louder developed into a thin, high-pitched shriek, drowning all other noises.

"Judd taking off," Manningham said. And then: "You know, *he* gets the nose up pretty high."

"Does he?" Dallas stayed where he was, not interested, taking a cigarette out of a silver case, and lighting it with a match. "You can't tell from this angle." He threw the match away. "Judd knows how to fly a Phoenix."

With a sigh, Manningham came back from the window to sit in his official chair behind the desk. He lowered his eyes to a white quarto-sized document just to the left of him. It was stamped with the lion and the unicorn, and the two mottoes, *Dieu et mon droit* and *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, and headed in big black letters, *Report on Accident to Aircraft G-AKVF*. Without looking up, he sent the report sliding across the desk. "Have you read this?"

"Yep. Read it yesterday."

"What do you think of it?"

"There wasn't much thinking to do on it, was there?" Dallas felt in his pocket for his cigarette case. As he held it open towards Manningham his eyes were fixed on the Fleet Superintendent's face. "As far as I can see . . . it couldn't be the Phoenix. Pilot error . . . just as they say. Nothing else."

Not the Phoenix. There they went! All Judd's bright boys. Devoted to the aircraft, glorying in their own young bodies that enabled them to partner it. Get higher, get faster, on and up.

They made Manningham feel curiously pedestrian. But he had lost his illusions a long time ago. When he had been installed, rather unexpectedly, as superintendent of the jets, the new President had made it plain to him that he had been chosen because "he had his two feet firmly on the ground." A dependable, level-headed anchor, an earth to such electrical enthusiasm.

In the uneasy silence, Dallas said calmly: "But it's tough on Gort." He tapped the report with his forefinger. "Having to live with *that*."

"Very tough."

"What's going to happen to him?"

"That's just the question"—Manningham stroked his chin—"I asked the Director of Operations. The President is leaving it to me to do 'the wise thing'."

Coldly, Dallas said: "I'm beginning to guess why you wanted to see me."

"Well . . . what about it?"

"*Guess*, I said. I'm hoping I'm wrong."

Manningham sucked in his thin cheeks. He said: "No, I think you've read my mind. I asked you to come in because, after a great deal of consideration. . . ." Dallas was sitting there quite still, staring at him, ". . . I feel we should retain Captain Gort on the Phoenix Fleet. Fairest to him. Best for everyone." And, smiling a little now: "Subject, of course, to a satisfactory check."

Dallas said softly: "Then you're making a *hell* of a mistake!"

"You know," Manningham said, "years ago, I undershot a runway and touched down on the grass. It was cold. The ground was frozen hard. Might just as well have *been* the runway."

Dallas shrugged.

MANNINGHAM went on: "Six months later another aircraft did the same thing on the same runway. It had been raining hard. The grass was a mass of mud. The wheels sank into it. The aircraft somersaulted on to its back." He paused. "There was an inquiry, of course. Pilot error."

"You must have these inquiries," Dallas said slowly. "Sometimes, I agree, there's a hair's breadth between blame and . . . well, getting away with it. You were lucky."

"Exactly! I was lucky. Gort wasn't." And then, swiftly following up his advantage: "Hugh, in the course of fifteen years of flying, you must have made a mistake?"

"Of course."

"And how many pilots in the company have, too?"

"I wouldn't know."

"You should. In fact you do. All of them."

"They didn't end up like Gort's."

"That's not the point. The *making* of a mistake is the point. And though, of course, it's not likely . . . it *can* happen again to any of you."

"That was an elementary mistake Gort made."

"I agree. So elementary that you can't understand why he made it. All he had to do was to push the nose down. But he's got how many million safe miles behind him? More than any two other Phoenix pilots put together! We're desperately short of jet pilots. . . . All I'm asking is for an impartial check. If he's no good on it, then"—Manningham spread out his hands—"we'll have to consider the whole thing again. But at least . . . check him and see!"

Dallas wrinkled his forehead. He paused, then said brusquely: "Surely the Board took some action? Don't they usually award some sort of——"

"Punishment? Oh yes!" Manningham lifted his head. "I had him in yesterday. He came dressed as though he was going to church. You know how he is—absolutely correct. I said: 'I'm sorry, George, but you've been docked three years' seniority,' and I waited for him to get angry. But he didn't. So I had to go on, and I tried to do it lightly: 'And consider yourself severely reprimanded.'

"Then he said: 'Captain Manningham, the company can consider me severely reprimanded if they want to, and write it in my records. But I won't so consider myself, because I've done nothing wrong.' Then he got up and walked to the door. I said: 'It's the Board, George. Not me.' And he turned, just before he went out, and said: 'I know that, Edward. You'll have done your best for me, I'm sure.' "

Manningham stopped. A silence fell between them as he waited for Dallas to comment. But Dallas said nothing. There was no sign of any feeling on his face, except perhaps crossness. He got out his silver case moodily and lit a cigarette, not offering one to Manningham this time.

Then he looked up at Manningham again. "All right," he said. "I warn you, I doubt if he'll make out. But if that's what you want, I can't see any harm in giving him a check."

NEXT WEEK: The test that settles Gort's whole career

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Would you throw your M.P. out?

continued from page 17

in matters between a member and his constituents."

Major Grant draws the conclusion: "An M.P. can always vote against the party—provided he has his local association with him."

Nicolson has failed to have his association with him. He is on the extreme left of his party; the association is on the extreme right.

Six weeks after his election, he scandalized the local branch of the Primrose League by saying: "Mr. Bevan is misguided but he is not wicked."

Two years later, at a private week-end conference of the Wessex Area Conservatives, he said that both main political parties wanted peace and prosperity. The only quarrel between them was in the way they would attain them. Though two representatives of the Conservatives' Central Office who heard the speech thought it harmless, it caused consternation among Bournemouth Conservatives.

A far worse difference of opinion occurred when Nicolson supported Sydney Silverman's bill for the abolition of capital punishment, while admitting publicly that a majority of his constituents disagreed with him. The bill, passed by the Commons on a free vote, was thrown out by the Lords. To resolve the dilemma, the government itself brought in a bill which provided for partial abolition. In an attempt to make his peace with the association, Nicolson compromised with his convictions and voted for it.

But the association was now more than ever aware that it had an M.P. whose opinions differed profoundly from its own. Suez was merely the match that set off the powder-barrel.

Conscience clause

In the Conservative Party, an M.P. is controlled by his local association. The Labour M.P. is controlled by the Parliamentary Labour Party. Failure to vote with his colleagues constitutes a breach of standing orders.

Although there is a conscience clause which allows members to abstain on "matters of deeply held personal conscientious conviction," this is usually interpreted as referring only to such subjects as religion and temperance.

In normal circumstances, failure to vote with the party leads to reprimand and even expulsion, not only from the Parliamentary Labour Party but from the party as a whole. An expelled Labour member cannot hope for his local party to support him. If it does so, it, too, will be expelled.

In 1949 Konni Zilliacus, M.P., was expelled from the party for consistently opposing the Labour Government's foreign policy. Six days later, his local party—Gateshead East—held a meeting and by a large majority demanded his reinstatement.

But that was as far as it went. In 1950, Zilliacus fought the seat as a Labour independent.

The Gateshead party had no option but to oppose him with a candidate acceptable to Transport House, and eventually this candidate—A. S. Moody—won the election.

Lord Attlee has defended the system thus: "A Labour candidate stands for certain definite principles and is supported by men and women who have chosen him to represent them and carry out these principles. They have therefore the right to expect that he will faithfully carry them out."

But so long as he votes for the party in Parliament, the Labour M.P. has the right to expect that the people who have chosen him will give him their support. While he receives the Labour whip, local party rules say that "procedure of selection of a prospective parliamentary candidate shall not be set in motion until an election is imminent."

When it is imminent, the member must automatically be readopted unless he says he wants to retire or the general management committee passes a resolution that it wishes him to retire.

Thus, the Labour M.P., unless he is expelled from the parliamentary party, is in a stronger position than the Conservative.

Nicolson stated early in the controversy that for reasons of party loyalty he would on no account stand as an independent. He hoped that the association would make its final choice between him and Friend at a "primary" election confined to members of the party just before the general election.

Grant dismissed this suggestion as "airy-fairy nonsense."

Though Nicolson is barred from addressing official meetings of the association, he regularly holds meetings of his own which attract good audiences. He hopes that by the general election he will have sufficient supporters to prevent Friend getting the necessary majority at the official adoption meeting.

If Friend fails to get his majority, Nicolson hopes that his own supporters will be allowed to propose him on the spot. If Friend succeeds, he has promised to withdraw gracefully and to take no further part in political activity in the Bournemouth East division.

Meanwhile, he has no regrets about the rumpus. "I felt it my duty to ventilate the problem," he says, "and to ask as loudly and as often as I could: 'What is an M.P. for?' " THE END

Readers seeking advice from our team of experts are invited to send their problems to the "John Bull Illustrated" Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Letters will be answered by post, and problems of general interest will also be published on this page

We advise...

I WISH to fix a TV aerial to the chimney stack which is common to my home and my neighbours'. They say they would prefer it not to be so fixed. Is there anything we can do?—L. S., Leicester.

● As the stack is common to both houses, you would not be able to fix the aerial to your neighbour's half without his consent. Why not fix it entirely on your own side, or come to some agreement whereby you pay him a small rent for permission to use his side?

RUSTING WRECK

AN old car with one tyre flat has been standing for several months in the road near my house. It stands near a corner and is both an eyesore and a danger. Can anything be done to compel the owner to move it?—G. G., Leeds.

● The police have power to order the owner to remove the car from the highway, and you should report the matter to them.

PAYMENT DEFERRED

HOW long does a successful litigant usually have to wait before payment is made to him of damages awarded at an assize court?—F. B., Worthing.

● There is no fixed period within which damages must be paid. It is your obligation to recover them by such means as are available. If the defendant has assets you can distrain on them, but if he has nothing you cannot, of course, recover anything until he is in a better position. Your solicitor will advise you what to do. You could not easily act for yourself.

DOG DONOR

I HAVE a thoroughbred alsatian dog which I am unfortunately no longer able to keep. I want to give it a good home, and I feel the best thing would be to hand him over to the police for training as a police dog. How do I set about it?—J. A., Kent.

● Write to the Commissioner of Police, D.2 (Dogs) Department, New Scotland Yard, London, S.W.1. Police dogs do receive good and kind treatment, and if, after tests, are found to be unsuitable, they are offered back to the original owner, or otherwise found a good home.

BOOK MARKS

COULD you suggest some way of removing grease spots from the pages of a book?—B. H., Sittingbourne, Kent.

● Place a layer of blotting paper underneath the page and another on top, then apply a medium-warm iron to the blotting paper. Don't apply the iron direct to the page.

BABY BATH

WHEN I converted a small room in my home into a bathroom, I hadn't room for a full-size bath, and fitted a shower. Now I'd like to fit a bath, but the available space is only 26¼ in. by 44 in. Is it possible to get a bath to fit it?—D. A., Kincardineshire.

● There is a bath, the "Tubbie," which is only 26 in. by 37 in., and has a deep end to rest the feet in and a shallow end to sit in. The manufacturers are Allied Ironfoundries, Ltd., 28 Brook Street, London, W.1.

STAIN REMOVER

THERE are brown stains on the side of my bath where the water runs in from the taps. How can I remove them?—J. H., Oldham.

● A product called "Ataka" bath stain remover does the job very well. It is available from multiple chemists.

CUTTING REMARKS

BETWEEN my garden and my neighbour's is a hedge, and he always makes himself objectionable when I cut it. On his side it is wild and untidy, but he won't allow me to go round and trim it, even though I have offered to clear up the resulting mess. He also threatens me with solicitors' letters when I cut the top of the hedge and a few leaves fall on his side. His garden is like a wilderness, and his attitude is ruining the hedge.—C. J. T., Guildford, Surrey.

● Your neighbour cannot be compelled to allow you access to his land to cut your hedge. As long as you do not permit an unreasonable quantity of cutting to fall on his side, and you offer to clear up what has fallen, he would have no cause for legal action against you.

MUST I PAY?

I ENROLLED for a correspondence course on art two years ago, and agreed to take six lessons, value £27, which I was to pay off at ten shillings a month. So far I have paid £10, but my circumstances have changed, and I have only been able to complete part of the first lesson. Now I am finding it difficult to keep up the payments. I have written to ask if the school will accept the £10 paid as settlement, but they say they will not. Can they take me to court, or make the friend who acted as guarantor pay if I stop my contributions?—N. C., London, W.5.

● As you agreed to take the whole course, you can be held to the terms of the agreement whether you continue the course or not. If you do not pay, the guarantor will almost certainly be compelled to do so, and he, in turn, may claim payment from you.

MOVING HOUSE

MY house has a gable end, and is in a coal mining area. I recently called in a builder to do roof repairs, and he told me that there has been a slight movement on the crown of the gable. Assuming that the cause was mining subsidence, I wrote to the National Coal Board, who told me that there had been no workings in this vicinity since 1923, and so disclaiming any liability. Can they do so?—W. S., Penshaw, County Durham.

● If there have been no workings in the area since 1923, the National Coal Board has no responsibility for the subsidence that affects your house. The Coal Mining (Subsidence) Act, 1950, provides only for compensation for damage due to subsidence caused on or after January 1, 1950.

YOUR TIME OFF

WHAT is the legal position as far as holidays are concerned? I wish to change my job and not having had either a holiday or bank holidays, would like the money instead. My employer has already refused a similar request from another employee.—F. J. C., Caterham, Surrey.

● You can claim holidays or the money if your employer agreed as a condition of your employment to give you paid holidays, or if he has a trade union agreement, or if you are working under Wages Council regulations.

If you leave you can claim part payment according to the number of months you have worked in the holiday year. You cannot claim for bank holidays and should you not take a holiday and continue working after the end of the holiday year, you lose your claim for that year.

WEATHER FORECAST

WE will be on holiday in Nice early in February. What is the weather like then, and what weight clothes should we take?—O. B., Cleethorpes, Lincs.

● You may expect a temperature in the sixties and the weather will be spring-like, though there may be some high winds and the evenings are likely to be chilly. Take medium weight coats and suits or lightweight woollen dresses. A cardigan or two might also be handy.

Worth Noting

ROGER SMITHELLS

keeps practical homelovers up to date

● **Space-saving two-tier bunks** for children are not a new idea, but it is rare to find a pair that cost less than many single beds. The Somnus tubular steel bunks, however, cost from £7 8s. 6d. to £7 18s. 6d. according to the size and colour you choose. The mattress supports are made of Twistlink mesh. Optional extras are tubular steel lee rails for the sides of the upper bunk, and a hook-on ladder. In 2 ft. 6 in. width, the bunks are made to take either 5 ft. 9 in. or 6 ft. 3 in. mattresses.

● **Clean hands.** Before you start painting, scrape your fingernails over a cake of soap. This prevents paint from getting under them. (Mr. A. D. Browning, Ramsgate.)

● **Iron-on worktops.** A self-adhesive plastic film with a difference for covering kitchen tables and worktops is Super Marleydecor. Already well known for its stoutness and long wearing, it has been made easier to apply. You strip off the polythene backing, cut the film to fit and put it in position, then cover it with brown paper and iron with a warm iron. This activates the adhesive, which makes a permanent bond. Self-adhesive Super Marleydecor costs 10s. 6d. a yard, 36 in. wide.

● **Neater switches.** Pull-string switches in bathrooms have an annoying habit of shutting themselves in the door. To prevent this, lead the string through one or two screw-eyes screwed into the door frame. (Mr. Norman Bell, Gosforth, Newcastle upon Tyne.)

● **Adjustable draught-excluder.** The new Duraflex Vinl-Sweep incorporates a flexible vinyl flap which cuts out draughts under doors. It will make a weather- and draught-proof closure even over carpets, mats or rough thresholds. Slotted holes in the draught excluder allow for vertical adjustment after it is fitted to the door. In 32½-in. and 36½-in. lengths, the Vinl-Sweep costs 11s. 3d. and 12s. 9d. from ironmongers or the manufacturers, Adams & Benson (Dalbukirk), Ltd., Albion, West Bromwich, Staffs.

● **H.P. modernization.** There is hardly anything left to buy which you can't buy on hire-purchase, but now a new firm has come up with a *really* good idea. Property Repair Services, Ltd., of 5 Goodwin's Court, St. Martins Lane, London, W.C.2, are offering you house repairing and decorating on easy terms, at fifteen per cent down up to £250. Payment for the work can be spread over two years, at an interest rate of seven per cent. Property Repair Services will also send an expert to advise you how best to deal with your particular problems if you ask. Estimates are free. At present operating in London and the Home Counties, Bath, Lancashire, Cheshire and parts of Yorkshire, they will soon cover all parts of the country.

● **Improvised anvil.** To help you with occasional metalwork in the workshop, you can make your own anvil by clamping an old flat iron in the vice. (Mr. Robin John, Rhondda.)

* * *

If you have a trouble-saving, money-saving tip for the column, send it to Roger Smithells, JOHN BULL ILLUSTRATED, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. One guinea is paid for each tip published.

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In This Small World	Something Concrete
Mount Prosperity	Letting Off Steam
Upset Mr. Kruschev	A Commando Course
The German Twins	Doubtful
Electricity, The Genie	Superman Dad
If We're Patient	Like A Tight-rope Walker
In The War On Crime	Red With Rust
Spending Millions	Tongues Wagged And
Little By Little	Not Very Diplomatic
Hell Of A Job	Stranger In Sleepytown

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as above.

Waiting In The..... The ..... Technique
Unexpected ..... Credit To.....
Turned Out A..... He's Got The....., But

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£10 Mrs. E. J. Cleaver, 4 Leesland Road, Gosport: **In Prosperity's Fairyland—"Pan's Pipes," *Factory Hooters*!**

£9 N. Heaton, 6 Ryder Crescent, Hillside, Southport: **With Food To Spare—Underfeeding Still World's "Skeleton"!**

£8 Mrs. H. Rayner, 7 Birchdale Road, Appleton, Warrington: **An Occasional Jolting—Continual "Jollying"—Missus's Job!**

£7 Mrs. M. Griffiths, 22 Melrose Avenue, Penylan, Cardiff: **Power Of America—At Canaveral? At *Gettysburg*!**

£6 J. G. Luck, 5 Thornhill Square, London, N.1: **Fish Out Of Water—On Dad's "Line"—*Draw*!**

£5 R. Burgess, 83 Hervey Road, Brighton: **Brighter Year—By Year—*Bygone* Years!**

£5 R. L. Seaman, 19 Cross Lane, Marple, Cheshire: **Science Keeps Digging, But—Hasn't "Discovered" *Our* Village!**

£5 S. C. Slaughtern, 10 Eaton Road, Sutton: **In Prosperity's Fairyland—And In *Subsidized* House?**

A further 40 cheques and 1,600 other Awards have also been dispatched.

Expert comments on winning Bullets are in "Comp," out Mondays.

RULES 1. First Prize for best Bullet received; others in order of merit. The test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed at 1s. per Bullet. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated February 21), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, February 7, for early news of No. 2,176 result.)

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